

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## WORDS TO THE WEST.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

I PROPOSE in the present article to address a few words to all the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, but more especially to those of the West—the last and most glorious link in the brightening belt of freedom—on the necessity of an early study of the objects and aim of the present struggle.

‘The proper conduct of the war’ is, beyond question, the great topic of the day. Not only does nearly every journal, but well-nigh every individual propound pet theories of marching, counter-marching, feeding and clothing troops, and demonstrate entirely to self-satisfaction how much more it or he knows than the War or Navy Departments, and how much better it or he could manage the great conflict of the age. And as this is a Republic wherein every voice may be somewhere heard, if only pitched high enough, they grumble right fiercely—the Expert and the Ignoramus together—some hoping to frighten the Departments in particular and the Administration in general, into grinding axes for them, while others are led on by mere vanity or the hope of leading.

The disaster at Bull Run did teach, or might, could, would and should have taught our Public in detail that there is such a thing as over-driving a willing horse, and asking for more a little too much. Like Pharaoh, Public required of an over-tasked government that it should make the bricks of an army without the straw of discipline; and when the straw was provided, as by a miracle, it went a step further and exacted that it should be spun, as in the fairy tale, into the fine gold of a victory. The battle was lost; but the Grumblers and Supersessionists are not yet silent. In the face of the fact that the Departments have distinguished themselves by miracles of energy, and that all, according to the standard of history, is really doing quite as well as *should* be expected under such extraordinary circumstances, we still find an endless criticism of *details*—an inexhaustible appetite for fault-finding in small matters which have an indirect, and only an indirect, reference to what is the Public’s

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real business and duty — I mean the *great* aim and object of the war. There is too much travelling out of the record. Let the reader depend upon it, that the practical details of the war will be well carried out, and that Government will behave well enough if the People will only stick to their greatly neglected business of keeping in view and comprehending the main principles involved in this struggle. Here is the thing to be at all times insisted on, that the great object and the *inevitable facts and results* shall be continually before the American people. War is the time for great, generous and noble ideas; it is during such storms and agitations, if ever, that humanity takes in a fresh supply of that moral oxygen which enables it to respire more freely and advance more energetically in the great life of social progress. If we think that the object of the war is merely to conquer and be done with it, it is a pity that we did not at first compromise on any terms. If this tremendous struggle which it has taken well-nigh a century to form, and which — as it seems to me — involves the solution of the greatest problem of history and of humanity — be, after all, only an accidental and temporary impediment to the stream, to be removed as soon as possible; why, then, it is to be indeed repented that we did not give in from the first and settle down to our 'hog and hominy;' to obeying the South as we were wont to do, and to renouncing all pestilent heresies and ideas of progress!

It is not to our discredit, nor is it to be regretted that we are a nation of mechanics and shop-keepers, for the ultimate tendency of the action of capital and labor is to advance humanity. The path to the Art and Poetry of the Future is even now being measured out with the yard-stick. But it would be truly wretched if we were so elaborately shop-keepered into living only for petty particulars that we cannot see in this war a stupendous, all-demanding faith, a something in which we are to BELIEVE with full heart and soul, and in which we are to stake our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

We hear it frequently repeated that discipline is all-essential to the army, but it does not seem to occur to our quidnuncs and gossips that it is quite as necessary in times like these for the whole people. There are healthy influences at work — the innate business tendency of Anglo-Saxondom — which will in due time put the army and navy into an economical, practical and properly moving form; but there must be a substratum for it all, and this substratum is that moral support from the public which is derived from the discipline of constantly keeping in view the *object* of the war. When we remember that even in European countries, which maintain standing armies, and expend from four and a half to five per cent of their whole capital on them, it requires many months to get a war 'fairly to working,' fairness and manly truth should compel us to admire the energy with which Government has so far acted. When we see that the only triumph thus far of Outside Pressure has resulted in a Bull Run, we may very properly distrust the wisdom by which Outside Pressure is guided. 'Every boor can find fault,' says a German proverb, 'but it would be hard work for him to do better.' But there is a direction in which Outside Pressure may be most usefully employed — I mean in urging all the strength of the public mind into mastering the inevitable facts and truths involved in this great struggle of the Northern and Southern divisions of the American people.

The most direct and practical object of this struggle is unquestionably the acquisition of a state which shall not be merely the *status quo ante bellum*, but one freed from the intolerable annoyances and draw-backs to which we were formerly subjected by our arrogant and ignorant Southern associates. And it requires but little reflection to perceive that this state of peace and progress, in harmony with the great social advances of Europe, can *never* be restored by compromise and by suffering the peaceful secession of the slave-holding States. A man could as soon live chained to a raving lunatic as our free North, banded by the shining belt of the Mississippi to the slave-holding South. Where we before felt the wind of insolent aggression, we should then have to bear without intermission the whirlwinds and tornadoes of outrage in every form. Let the reader imagine, if possible, *what* we should have to endure from such a neighbor flushed with the glory of a compromise triumph! Let him reflect on the injuries which could and would be inflicted on the 'cowardly and craven Yankees.' Why, to kidnap us, to adopt *white* slavery, to make of every Southern port an Algiers, would not be so great an advance on their present social policy as *that* policy has advanced — or retrograded — from the position of Jefferson and Washington. Is this not so? In 1776 Henry Laurens of South-Carolina wrote to John Laurens, decrying the slave-trade as presenting 'a scene of meanness and complicated wickedness,' speaking of black slavery in the most direct terms of abhorrence, pointing out the absurdity of men's trusting in PROVIDENCE to secure their own liberty, 'while they enslave and wish to continue in slavery thousands who are as well entitled to freedom as themselves,' and avowing his determination to free his own slaves, valued at twenty thousand pounds sterling, and finally to devote himself in future to Abolition!\*

Let the reader contrast these views of the great men of the by-gone South with the devilish declarations of Davis that slavery is the recognized and only proper basis of society, the corner-stone of the Confederacy, and the thousand times repeated doctrines of the whole South, that there should and *must* be a deeply degraded, earth-sunken class of white society as a basis whereon the 'first families' are to rise in aristocratic beauty. And have not the acts of the whole South favored this atrocious theory? How many years is it since South-Carolina first established free schools; what have the 'wealthy, hospitable planters' and 'polished and humane aristocracy' of the cities ever done for their white poor? Is the difference between such a state of society and one holding white slaves so great as that between Jefferson Davis and Laurens! I indulge in no absurd fancy when I say that the kidnapping of Northerners, the abuse and robbery of them in every form would be a very slight advance on the practical application of the Davis doctrines. Do you cry 'Nonsense! absurdity!' Cry it then; but if you have entered on middle age, you can remember the time when you would have cried it in louder tones at the idea of proclaiming literal slavery as the fundamental idea of all society and aristocracy as its desirable culmination.

The idea of Compromise and of peaceable secession is an outrage on com-

\* *A South-Carolina Protest against Slavery; being a Letter from Henry Laurens, second President of the Continental Congress, etc.* Now first published from the original. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM, 532 Broadway.

mon-sense, and an insult to the manhood of the whole American people. Those who have seen what the intolerable conduct of the South has been in the green tree, may imagine what would be done in the dry, when flushed with easy triumph, thanks to dough-face aid! The trouble which the Negro caused of old would be as nothing compared to what he would then cause. The worm which once gnawed at the heart of the people would become a fiery dragon of tyranny. No; there *shall* be no compromise, save on the basis of our unconditional triumph. None of this half-way truckling to the devil! Cost what it may, we must be victors. This is the one great aim to which the American people must be disciplined, even as their troops are disciplined. Less than war unto victory will be for us far worse than defeat. Our foe may dread a defeated and desperate enemy, but what will not Southern arrogance and vindictiveness inflict on a timid nation, conquered by compromise!

It is especially incumbent on the men of the West to study the result of this war, and to discipline their minds *en masse* to high and noble social aims to be connected with its result. For it is the West which is to form the great future AMERICA, and reflect on his Eastern mother the glory which her relationship once conferred on him. The whole cosmopolite power; the whole future dignity of the West among nations depends upon the transit life of the Mississippi, and its ultimate ocean freedom. The West may and will count its hundred millions — always to be brave and intelligent men, I *know* — but it will make a fearful difference in their social life and energy if at present and for years the Mississippi be choked up by Southern forts; if the Western men grow up under the feeling that a foe and an alien holds the key of the door between themselves and the wide world without. And the key *will* be held right tightly. Let a peace be compromised with so notoriously treacherous and avowedly tyrannical a race as the Southern, and their first step will be to choke off the West. For it is the mighty and free West which will always hang like a lowering thunder-cloud over them. 'Out of the North evil shall come forth!' *Vae victis!* woe to the conquered, woe to the South whether it come out of this present war as victor or vanquished, in the great coming day when the West shall send down its countless armies to shatter the corrupt and weakened Slaveocracy! But unless the South be most effectually conquered *now*, she has it in her power, and will most assuredly inflict on the West such wounds as will never be entirely healed.

There is to me a glorious freshness, a superb life and strength in our splendid West, for which I feel an admiration and deep heart-love beyond all words. I see in it a growing wealth of thought, allied to unparalleled *action*; the marriage of intellectual to physical progressive power, such as poet never dreamed, or historian recorded. I have seen in it a readiness to grasp at all the new and liberal ideas of the age, and reduce them to practice, all in a genial, hearty, vigorous way, which has always been to me truly fascinating; while through the whole flashes out at all times the old Norse humor of the gods, who made fun while building a world. It is not for such a giant-land to be cramped by the yellow poison of the South. Men of the West! let there be no peace, no compromise, no 'arrangement' on any other basis than victory.

In conclusion, let me urge on both the men of the West and the East, that they resolutely discipline their minds to realize the cowardice and meanness of dallying in any way with Southern 'principles,' and petulantly arguing that the South is acting absurdly because there is no ground of real difference between us. Thus I hear men constantly disclaiming any 'ill feeling' toward the South, and nervously denying Abolitionism as though it were still a duty to conciliate the old tyrant! Much good it will do! O men and brothers! for God's sake stop this faltering and dilly-dallying, and remember that you are dealing with a fierce, sharp, prompt, unscrupulous *enemy*. Even as I write, I am referred to the record of a public Union-meeting in California, in which it was resolved, 'with only one negative vote,' that 'Northern Abolitionism is equally as obnoxious to us as Southern secession.' Bah! And what if it *is*? Why, so it may be to many others who nevertheless feel a loathing for this anxiety to be sound on the old goose — which long since flew squawking away over the fence, far down South to Dixey. There are millions who have never been Abolitionists for the sake of the negro, but I see the time not far off when it will be a matter of life and death to become such for the sake of the *white man*! This difficulty can only be removed with its cause — plain common-sense, quite apart from all philanthropy, teaches us that much.

This dread of incurring the name of 'Abolitionist' is as cowardly as it is paltry. Thorough-going courage, as it seems to me, should rather inspire a man to take it up, out of sheer defiance to an insolent and ferocious enemy. Just at present the entire Union presents the spectacle of men afraid of adopting 'Abolition' views, yet itching to adopt Emancipation as the only effectual means of 'smashing the South.' Why bother about the word 'Abolition' at all; why boggle at being suspected of friendliness for the black, or of belief in his capacity, or of indorsing amalgamation? Why not sweep over the whole intermediate stage, ignore the entire chain of arguments, and bravely adopt the essential point, of freeing the slaves for the sake of putting an end to this pestilent nuisance? Call it Abolition or thievery, God's work or the devil's, any thing you please, but let us have the Negroes out of the way. Hustle them out of the Border States at least, in double-quick time; pay the loyal Union-men, if you please, but out with them, and lose no time about it. Bring Canada down to the Virginia line, forthwith! It is a pity to see *men* — brave fighting men — quibbling about 'contrabands,' and to have the Secretary of War driven (unwillingly enough, I doubt not) into the meshes of a decision as to the disposal of the chattels, when the whole country should have the decision and manliness to settle the question for him by acclamation.

Men of the West, and you of the East too, this war is destined sooner or later to effectually abate this nuisance of Slaveocracy by removing the cause. Why not plunge in and settle it at once? Go at it bravely, and be done with it. You are all threatening it — why not *do* it?

*Abolition — for the sake of the white man!* That is the new platform, the only compromise to which we should listen. Do you want to wait for more Bull Runs? Well, you can have them. But you had better do as the enemy does — STRIKE PROMPTLY AND FEAR NOT!

## S A P P H O .

I SEEM to hear her voice's gentle murmur,  
 The breezy music of her laughter light ;  
 The vibrant air, rich with her balmy sighing,  
 Ruffles my hair by night.

Her eyes' deep heaven is my regal zenith,  
 Whose stars, down-glancing, flood my soul with pain ;  
 Her clinging fingers win me back to rapture  
 And tenderest smiles again.

Beneath my ardent lips her own are melting,  
 Their purple perfume slumbrously floats by :  
 The richest flowers of her nature crown me,  
 As on her heart I die.

O dream untender, vanishing in darkness !  
 I start and find my trembling arms unblessed ;  
 I faint with longing for her shadowed kisses,  
 The heaven of her breast.

My passion baffled, drains the sea of perfume,  
 Pierces the mists that hide the distant hills,  
 White-barked Astarté, dripping dewy comfort,  
 My fervent being thrills.

Winds fraught with honey from the moon-sick flowers,  
 Sweep with sweet scorning o'er my thirsty lip ;  
 Palm-trees low bending from Arabian heavens,  
 Their spice-breath on me drip.

A shivering rapture, sword-edged, cleaves my being ;  
 My eyes are blinded with a yearning pain ;  
 With waves of fire my o'er-blue veins are bounding :  
 I die for her in vain !

Myself exhaling her remembered fragrance,  
 The sapphire of her eyes transfusing me ;  
 From my wild worship blooms the love-born blossom  
 Of our identity.

My pouting lips drink their own dewy sweetness,  
 And, drinking, all her soul seems floating in ;  
 Clasp my life with clinging, wild embraces,  
 I seem her heart to win.

I lie, enraptured, in the wind-rocked shadows,  
 A double life throbs endlessly in me ;  
 I skim the heavens, and brush the anchored planets,  
 A halcyon on their sea.

And she — may angels guard her as she wanders,  
 A shining presence toward the Eden-gate —  
 For 'twixt us roll the mountain-waves of parting,  
 The eternal years of Fate.



## GARDEN RAMBLES IN SIAM.

BY A. B. MORSE.

In a climate so hot and humid as that of Siam, (mean annual temperature, eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit,) vegetable life rejoices in perennial and surpassing luxuriance, variety and beauty. Unvisited by fell frost, icy blast, or arid wind, garden and field and wood are clad in living verdure. Toward the end of the dry season indeed, the leaves wear a tinge of brown and the grasses of straw, but a few showers, and all are fresh and green again. The change of leafage is little perceptible, the dying of the old and the unfolding of the new on most trees being simultaneous. Leaf, flower and fruit together, and in such wondrous variety and exuberance! Every where nature is prodigal; on mountain-peak and valley-bottom, in frequented street and by river-side, every where she spreads her gifts. If earth be too narrow, she goes up and decks the house-top and wall with shrub and vine: she climbs the trees, loading root, trunk and branch with epidendra and parasites, and leaps from top to top, festooning and arcading still forest-depths with vines, leaves and blossoms: she hangs in air the orchard's 'outlandish roots and marvellous flowers:' she goes into the streams and invades their muddy beds with fillibustering atap or mangrove; and upon the ponds, covering their calm waters with cress, lily and lotus; while down beneath the gulf she lays out vast parterres of curious sea-plants. The broad, alluvial river-valleys and most mountainous regions are densely covered with huge and lofty trees, and in many parts with a heavy, tangled, impenetrable under-growth. The districts under cultivation are of wonderful fertility, manifold rewarding the rude and indolent labors of the husbandman. Bangkok, the capital, seems dropped down amid a great forest of fruit-trees, shade-trees and vines. The extended fields trenched, ridged and planted, the orchards and vineyards of other lands, are here named 'Gardens.'

On the margin of the river-bend, which loving hearts called 'Garden Reach,' thickly screening from the too inquisitive gaze of the many passing boats the old bamboo house, which the same loving hearts called 'Home,' grew the *coccoloba*. It is the chak of the Siamese, the atap (from the Malay word for thatch) of the European. A single stalk rising from the mud and tide to the height of eight or ten feet, with long dark green leaflets, close set, like the laminae of a feather, it is one of the humblest and yet most useful of the palms. The leaves separated from the common stalk, doubled and strung together by women and children on bamboo splits, in pieces two feet wide and one and a half long, form the water-proof roofing and siding of the bamboo houses. Resembling in color, when dry, corn leaves, costing less than two dollars per thousand, and lasting three or four years, they are a cheap and not unhandsome housing. A few steps, and we stand by the 'light, feathery, tree-like grass,' of which the wondering historians of Alexander's conquests first told the ancient West.

How gracefully, beautifully, the bamboo, with slender stalk and bright green spray sways to-and-fro with every passing breeze! Does it not remind you of the weeping willow in the farther West? This species grows in clumps or clusters (of fifteen or twenty stems) often ten or twelve feet in circumference and from thirty to fifty in height. From large, tough, inter-grown roots spring the smooth, hard, hollow, long and many-jointed stalks, which at ten feet begin to jut out, the branches armed with sharp, thick thorns, and adorned with leaves two or three inches wide and ten or twelve long. There are several other species, some of greater size and use. What a blessing, almost necessity, the bamboo is to the tropic inhabitant! It forms, with the chak or atap, three-fourths of the Siamese houses, frame, joists, rafters, eave-troughs, floors, foundation, (of floating-houses,) fences and all. With it they go forth to bear their burdens, handle their tools, water-level their walls, pole their boats, yard their sails, cable their junks. With it, hardened by fire, they spear fish and foe, and through it blow the poisoned arrow. With it they at home again kindle by friction the extinguished fire, and castigate the truant or negligent youngster. With its sweet, tender shoots they relish their rice and fish; from it imbibe the sparkling river or canal. With it, cut into small bits, they make net-jackets more odd than useful. With it, as organ or flute, they beguile the closing day, and, labor and pastime done, on bamboo-bedstead, bamboo-mat, bamboo-pillow, they woo 'tired nature's sweet restorer.' But who can recal the more than four-score enumerated uses, and beauties unenumerated, of the bamboo?

That is a singular palm: the rattan, which furnishes withes for the bamboo and atap, for thongs, cordage, rigging, cables and many other purposes. Its application in the moral improvement of criminals is not unfrequent, and is more painful but less ignominious than 'bamboozing.' Its power to enhance female beauty is, however, unfamiliar to the Siamese fair, though sometimes subjected to Parisian robes on gala-days at the Royal Palace. The purple juice of one species enters into the compound, 'Dragon's Blood' of the apothecaries. Another, with its long, sharp thorns, makes an impassable hedge. Another, in its native forests, creeping among the thick under-brush, tangles and toils all into impenetrable barriers, or coiling its stem, two or three inches thick, around and up the giant trunks, with leaf and flower-covered fetters, binds bough to bough and tree to tree for hundreds of feet. Rumphius mentions those extending twelve to eighteen hundred feet, or one fifth to one third of a mile from the root. But these delicate little stems swinging from the high branches and rooting in the wet trenches at our feet, are not the rattan nor the banian. They are a rather ivy-like vine, which will ere long ungratefully cause the tree kindly supporting them to droop and die. The banana or plantain, with its soft green stalk, six or seven inches thick—which a rattan could cut to the ground—leaping like a mushroom ten or eleven feet high; its great green leaves, often two feet broad and ten long, finely arching, and gently swaying in the breeze, or spangled with the rain-drops; its long spike from the very top bending with encircling rows of green or yellow fruit, and terminating in a large purple flower, is it not a thing of beauty? To the native it is indeed



a joy forever, with its ever-in-season fruit, several dozens in number, three to nine inches in length, three-fourths to two in diameter, and sweet, acid, sub-acid, mealy, or juicy, according to the one of the thirty or forty varieties. From the tree every day of the year, or in pastry or fritters, or dried in sugar, it is the pleasant, healthful and nutritious food of the young child and the old man, the sick and well at home and abroad. According to Humboldt, the ground which produces thirty-three pounds of wheat or ninety-nine of potatoes, would in a year produce forty-four hundred and ten pounds of ripe plantains. From the leaf are made dishes, the covering of cigars, etc.; from the fibre, wrapping-twine. From the folds of the stalk are carved some of the finest decorations of festal halls and funereal piles. Here, too, 'the palm of palms' lifts its majestic head, plumed with a dozen or more leaves, as many feet long and two or three broad, starred with light yellow flowers, and laden with scores of green and golden nuts. It is not a strange conceit that the name cocoa is derived from the Portuguese (*macoco* or *macaco*) for monkey, on account of the resemblance which the nut, with its three embryo holes (one germinative) bears to that animal's face. As you look wistfully up, in a twinkling the boy, with cleaver in his waist-cloth, with bare feet and hands clasping the scaly trunk, is literally walking up the rings or grooves whence leaves have fallen, up, up, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty feet. Stand from under, and down plump the nuts in the soft earth. Down comes the boy—a cleaver-stroke—and the bronze Ganymede hands you the opened goblet whence you may quaff nectar the gods might have envied. Another stroke, and your goblet is in hemispheres and a nice white blanc-mange is dished before you. The congealed and hardened cream of the older nut is a prime ingredient of curries. The meat of the yet older is sun-dried, pulverized, and then subjected to a process similar to tea and sugar-packing and wine-pressing. The natives express from it, through a perforated tub, with their pedal extremities, an oil very pure, and so attractive to their taste, that our lamps often suffered in behalf of their cruet. From the husk half-rotted in water, beaten on stones and dried, is made the filling of cushions and beds, from which might also be made the very best 'coir' cordage.

The fan-palm, so called from the peculiar opening out of the leaves from the stems, tapped beneath the flower-shoot, gives daily a gallon or two of sweet maple-like sap. This rather pleasant drink on the third day ferments into the intoxicating toddy. Boiled, it yields a brown, thick, ungranulated sugar, very excellent, which is sold in small earthen jars, very cheap. The leaves of the fan-palm, cut into strips two inches wide and twenty long, and rendered smooth and pliable by water and friction, form the leaves of the sacred books. The areca is one of the noblest of the noble family. Planted in rows eight feet apart, the smooth, slender trunk rises like a column, straight, leafless and branchless forty to fifty feet, with long, pinnate, gracefully-curving, bright green leaves, feathery plume of staminate flowers, and hanging clusters of hundreds of dark green or reddish orange nuts. A step across the trench and the narrow strip of weeds and bushes, the only (but usual native) boundaries, into the grounds of our neighbor, and we shall find yet another beautiful sight. It is a field of the plant whose leaf is always used with the areca-nut. For a moment you might

easily imagine yourself in one of the well-kept hop-yards of Central New-York. But it is the seri or betel pepper (cousin to black and red) vine, which, with light green leaf, is twining up the poles set in rows between the trenches, traversing at intervals of six or eight feet the whole field. With what fastidious neatness is every weed and blade of grass kept out; how thoroughly softened and mellow the soil; how carefully watered day by day from the trenches each plant! Your olfactories recall a down-shore Long-Island farm in fish-time. Hard by, in large earthen jars buried in the ground, are rotting quantities of fish, and from these sepulchres life is sprinkled every day or two on the vines. You will stop to admire the rapidity with which the girls are sorting and packing, in regular number and circle, the leaves for market. The master overseeing, with the accustomed courtesy of the host, orders the betel or seri-leaf tray to be passed to you. But you are ignorant as to its use, and he politely takes from one dish the hot peppery leaf, plasters it with lime, tinged a pretty pink by turmeric, quarters with iron shears a hard, astringent areca-nut, adds fine-cut tobacco, rolls all together, and presents it. Or with extra politeness he more intimately, in a small brass cylinder, with an iron punch, combines this delectable mixture. The pleasure which you decline is one to which the Siamese, high and low, male and female, young and old, are exceedingly addicted. No man of wealth but has in his retinue one who bears the 'betel-nut' set, with its rich vessels of gold and silver. He or she of the single waist-cloth infolds within it the nut and leaf, sometimes carrying the latter rolled over the ear. The mouth oozing blood-like saliva, and the teeth blackened by burnt cocoa-shell to prevent corrosion by lime, add nothing, contrary to their opinion, to the beauty, not naturally excessive, of the people. The defiling stains and *debris* are seen in hut and boat, palace and temple. Universally used in the East, the betel is mildly stimulating, slightly narcotic, and ultimately tonic to the inhabitants of these hot, moist countries.

Yet another palm of Siam, or rather its Malayan dependencies, is the sago from whose delicate pith is chiefly made the flour so much esteemed, especially by invalids. Largest of all the fruits of our little domain is the jack, a species of bread-fruit. It grows on the trunk and larger branches of a lofty, spreading, and dark-green, oval-leaved tree. Appearing four or five at once and as many tens annually, it reaches a foot in diameter and one and a half in length, and requires protection from premature fall and frugiverous birds. The rough green rind incloses numerous kernels or nuts, which are covered with a rich, cream-colored and very odoriferous pulp, quite agreeable but laxative. These nuts are sometimes roasted. The wood of the tree, fustic, is used in the yellow dyeing of priests' robes. The bread-fruit proper is the smaller and nearly round fruit of a lower tree, of forty-five to fifty feet, with serrate leaf. Though in taste, nutrition and otherwise well named, it is coarse, and, even prepared with palm-sugar and cocoa-milk, *not very attractive to native or foreigner*.

Most esteemed by the Siamese, of all the fruit-bearers, is the durian. It resembles its neighbor the jack, but is not so lofty, and sends out its more numerous branches more at right angles. The fruit hanging in scores, is an oblong oval of five by seven inches, with rind rising in high, hard points, which,

not to mention the force of gravity, make its unseen fall somewhat to be feared. When ripe, it bursts the tough rind and discloses four lobes, each containing several nuts, and all enveloped in a nearly white, soft pulp. This is the most delicious of the delicious, the concentrated, sublimated quintessence of deliciousness to native taste. But for the foreign novitiate, the odor, the stench of the durian sufficeth. Compared unto it, antiquated eggs, rotting fish, sauerkraut, all together, are but the perfumed breath of the sweetest conservatory. It has been likened to assafoetida, to 'the stink of carrion and onions mingled,' to 'a mixture of sulphureted hydrogen gas and garlic;' we would liken it to the whole combined. You can detect the presence of one in a distant part of the house; a boat-load a fourth of a mile. The organ of smell, long and painfully disciplined to a reluctant acquiescence, few can even then taste it without having peculiar gastric symptoms which recall first experiences at sea. But the two-fold ordeal past, many become fond, passionately fond of the durian, and marvellous is the number which they boast of daily eating. Some epicures are said to indulge their appetite hydropathically, sitting arm-pit deep in tubs of water. It is the most expensive of fruits, and its presentation is regarded as a token of warm friendship and highest consideration. An old traveller, discoursing very quaintly and somewhat fancifully of the durian, in connection with the betel, says: 'In Malacca there is a fruit so pleasant both for taste and smell, that it excelleth all other fruites, both of India and Malacca, although there are many both excellent and very good. . . . This fruit is hot and moist; and such as will eat them, must first treade upon them softly with his foote and breake the prickes that are about them. Such as never eate of it before, when they smell it at the first, thinke it scenteth like a rotten onyon; but having tasted it, they esteem it above all other fruites, both for taste and savor. Here you must note a wonderful contrarietie that is between this fruit *duriavens* and the hearbe *bettele*; which in truth is so great, that if there were a whole shippe, shoppe, or house full of *duriavens*, wherein there lay certaine leaves of *bettele*, all the *duriavens* would presently rotte and bee spoyled. And likewise, by eating over many of those *duriavens*, they heat the maw and make it swell; and one leafe of *bettele*, to the contrairie, being laid cold upon the heart, will presently cease the inflammation, rising or swelling of the maw. And so, if after you have eaten *duriavens*, you chance to eat a leafe or two of *bettele*, you can receive no hurt by the *duriavens*, although you have eaten never so many. Hereupon, and because they are of so pleasant a taste, the common saying is, that men can never be satisfied with them.' The mangosteen is to us, however, the nonpareil of tropic fruits. The tree, more nearly than any other of the East, resembles the apple-tree, and the abundant fruit is about the size of a medium greening. The rind, dark brown without and beautiful vermilion within, has a very bitter juice, which is used as an astringent in medicine and a black mordant in dyeing. The lobes, (in number indicated before opening by the sepals,) with each a seed, are of the purest white and the most delicate, exquisite, strawberry-like flavor. Healthful as delightful, there is scarce any limit to the enjoyment of mangosteens.

Very like in appearance to the strawberry, at a distance, is the rambutan.

Its large clusters in rich profusion and scarlet, dapple the green leaves of the fine tree, like the early colorings of the autumnal maple. The fruit is a drupe, of the size of a medium plum, with a tough, hairy (as its Malay name denotes) skin, and a semi-transparent and pleasant pulp containing a stone. Hard by grew the maprang, with its thousands of smooth golden plums, quite resembling our largest and best.

The pomelo, with its pretty white blossoms of orange fragrance, shining out from dark leaves, and four-score fruit, invited us to pluck from our veranda. Stripped of its rind, this great orange is a pale white or a reddish, according to variety, and though rather bitter, is more refreshing and tonic than the same fruit known as the shaddock (from the ship-master Shaddock who introduced it) of the West-Indies. The thick rind is often used as that of melons elsewhere, as a medium for eating sugar. The pine-apple abounds in the country; but some predatory hand always relieved us from eating our own. They are inferior to those at Singapore, which indeed are unrivalled in lusciousness and cheapness, the choicest in the world being frequently retailed 'two for a penny.' While there, one day sitting in the office of a Chinese merchant, we saw on the quay a group of four boat-coolies pare and internally pack away in about ten minutes a pile of over twenty large pine-apples, without any manifest consciousness whatever of heroic or painful achievement. The custard-apple, of the size of a large peach, with greenish, soft, furrowed, fragile skin, and, barring the many dark seeds, very custard-like pulp, is exceedingly choice. Of the same genus with this, the papaya and sour-sop are of the size and color of a medium musk-melon, the one sweet and aromatic, the other more juicy and tart. The guava grows on a tree twenty-five to thirty feet high, with light green leaves and large white flowers. It is conical, smaller than the quince, to which it is often compared, of not pleasant smell, but stewed, preserved or jellied, of very fine flavor. Like the banana and cocoa-nut when seen in northern markets, this famous jelly gives little idea of its fresh deliciousness at home. Less even does that prized pickle, the mango, realize to one the ripe fruit of the gulf-side of Siam. The tree attains to sixty feet, and to three in diameter, with large spreading branches, long, narrow, deep-green leaf, and small, white blossom: it would remind you of the oak. The fruit, a drupe with smooth skin and large hairy stone, is three to five inches long, two and a half inches wide, and one to two thick. Unripe, it is used for pies and puddings, resembling a sour green apple. But in its full, golden, luscious yellow ripeness, it rivals the durian and mangosteen, and the finest peach.

The tamarind, towering eighty to one hundred feet, with large, far-reaching branches, thick green leafage, clusters of yellow crimson-veined flowers, and dark green pods, is the pride of the forest, and of palaces and temple-grounds. The acidulous fruit, from the pods, is almost an essential for the table, in curries and pastry and as a sauce for rice and meats. A beverage delightfully cooling and refreshing, especially in sickness, is made from it, and it is at all times valuable as a mild aperient.

Such were some of the fruits and trees to be found within a five minutes' walk from our bamboo cottage. They are but a few of the long, rich, varied

catalogue of the country. The pomegranate, with its fragrant scarlet blossoms and mildly acid flavor ; the orange, in twenty varieties, to which acres on the Menam are devoted ; the lime, the excellent substitute for lemons ; the citron, the musk and water-melon ; the mienglak, a half tea-spoon of which (no larger than small shot) put into a very little water, will presently fill the tumbler with an agreeable drink ; the lichees, the rose-apple, the cashew, and many others of name and nature more novel, we must pass. Grapes, however, except a sour, wild sort, and berries, such as straw and raspberry, and nuts, are all wanting.

Scarcely less famed are the gardens of Siam for vegetables. The great cereal and staple of the country is rice. 'Hot corn! hot corn!' cries the itinerant huckster, laden with ears smoking in their green husks ; the snowy-popped, too, and that roasted, cut from the ear and sugared, find much appreciative taste. But Indian corn is little cultivated, and never for flour or feeding. Far better, perfectly adapted to tropic use, is that which the all-wise PROVIDENCE furnishes in such overflowing abundance. Nowhere is the culture of rice more facile or fruitful than in these rich, warm, moist, at times daily inundated lowlands. The moderate labors of the natives are repaid thirty to fifty-fold ; the export, though not more than one third of the land is cultivated, and one crop instead of the two possible, is immense. Under late treaties, the only official bar to export is a failure of crop and threatened famine (!) with royal proclamation thereof of thirty days. There are nearly as many varieties as of wheat ; the highland are much smaller and lighter, the lowland more certain and prolific. The more extensive rice-gardens lie on the banks of the rivers or canals, and are first cleared by axe and fire of trees and roots, and then surrounded by low embankments or ridges of earth, with entering trenches. A plough, hardly larger than one's hand, six inches long and four wide at the top, tapering round to the point, with a crooked stick for beam and handle, and a buffalo for team, scratches the ground to the depth of three or four inches. This is followed by a harrow, consisting of large boughs or a small tree. In the soil thus prepared the rice-plants are in July or early August transplanted from the smaller sowing-plats ; the workmen, as they walk, with foot or stick making holes in the soft wet earth and thrusting in handfuls. At flood-tide the water is let in by the trenches, and the gates are shut. In localities not easily thus reached, men, with large wooden scoops suspended from a frame, aid the filling of the trenches. Or yet again you may sometimes see the 'watering with the foot.' A large double box or trough is placed on the bank at an angle of forty-five degrees, or less. Through this runs by a wheel at the head, an endless chain with wooden paddles or floats, which carry the water up through the under box, and return empty through the upper. The wheel is turned by men treading steps or cogs in its long axle, and balancing themselves by aid of a bar before them. This mode of irrigation is almost identical with that described centuries ago by Philo. The rice is kept under water till the kernel is formed. The grain is cut about mid-December, with a crooked, unserrated sickle, and is trodden out by buffaloes and oxen, or on a smaller scale, beaten out against the sides of the receiving boxes by hand. It is winnowed

by the wind and basket-sieves or fans. Table-rice is hulled by women and children treading on the short arm of a long, hard-headed lever playing in a frame, and farther by pounding in mortars with pestles a couple of yards long. It is retailed by the itinerant boats at about thirty cents per bucket of twenty quarts, or thirty pounds good quality and measure. 'Cargo' passes through the paddy mills, which are largely owned and worked by Chinese. The mill, of which there are several in one establishment, consists of a heavy wooden cylinder with grooved bottom, revolved by horizontal hand-cranks on another grooved block. The upper is both stone and hopper; the whole inclosed in basket-work.

Paddy (unhulled rice) is also a considerable export. Rice is the chief food of the people. It is sometimes, though rarely, ground, and then, as also our wheat from Singapore, in the Scriptural manner, by 'two women grinding at the mill,' or quern. Usually it is boiled, after washing two or three times, for five or eight minutes, then the water poured off, allowed to steam in the same coarse earthen pot, over a gentle fire, for three-quarters of an hour. Not softened to a paste, the kernel kept whole, of the purest white, the rice does not soil the fingers of those who use no spoon, and has a tempting, and with the golden curry beside it, irresistible look for all. For the tiffin, or noon-lunch of foreigners, boiled soft with much water, the *canji* of the Chinese, the *kan tome* of the Siamese, is a very pleasant accompaniment for the fruits. A very glutinous rice, with spices conjured into a kind of cake, fermented, and wrapped in bits of green plantain-leaf, is sold by the street-side, admired by juveniles, and not to be despised by adults, native or foreign. From rice is distilled the vile arrak, the principal intoxicating beverage of the country.

Right merry must be the harvest-home of the Laos at the north. 'This transport, which I (Grandjean) have often witnessed, is made in too curious and too amusing a manner not to have a word about it. They beat the rice upon the field where they have collected it; then, when the grain is gathered into heaps, they go every morning, each with a train of fifteen, twenty, or thirty oxen. The first of these oxen, that is, the one which walks at the head of the troop, generally has the head covered with garlands, surmounted with a bunch of peacock's feathers, and the neck surrounded with little bells. All these animals have two kinds of baskets on their backs, which hang on each side, and which are filled with rice, after which they return to the city, (Changmai,) making a dreadful bustle; for the bridge which is at the gates of the city, not having a breadth of more than two fathoms, the convoys which are entering come in contact with those going out. A general *mêlée* results. Each one runs hither and thither to find his wandering cattle; the shouts of the drivers and the lowing of the oxen are mixed with the ringing of a thousand bells. The elephants, at a grave pace, come into the midst of this rout, with their large bells, which each have a different tone; then the buffaloes, scared by the ringing, open, by charging all in the breach, a merciless gap, followed by their masters, who cry, '*Nen tua ha di Hhuai Sonak!*' that is, Take care, take care! a mad buffalo! At last, the idle spectators, who gather in crowds, increase the tumult more by their cries and their incessant shouts of laughter.



The whole makes a truly comical affray — a scene made up of the trunks of elephants, horns of oxen, of Laocian sticks, which rise, fall, and cross in all directions; and the spectacle, which commences at break of day, is prolonged until nine or ten o'clock, the time when the carrying is stopped, because the sun has become too hot. Such, for some is the labor, for others the sport, of the month of January.'

The cultivation of sugar-cane, introduced some fifty years ago by the Chinese, is conducted chiefly by Siamese, who sell on the field to the former. Planted in June or July, and cut in latter December, it is carried to the huge, uncouth mill, which is often both the work-place and home of a hundred or two Chinamen. The juice, ground out between hard-wood cylinders, turned by buffalo-crank, is boiled down over heavy fires, granulated in coarse earthen vessels of two or three gallons, and purified with quick-lime. In February excellent sugars are in market. The quotations for 1859 ranged from four-and-a-half to eleven ticals, two dollars and seventy cents to six dollars and sixty cents per picul; the export reached two hundred and three thousand five hundred and ninety-six piculs, or twenty-seven million one hundred and forty-six thousand one hundred and thirty-three pounds, (about one-eighteenth of the product of the United States,) being shipped to China, Singapore, Bombay, England, and (though at little profit) to San Francisco. A very choice and much used confection, is the 'rock-candy,' large semi-transparent crystal sugar. The inferior molasses-drainings, sold at about two dollars and fifty cents per jar of thirty-five gallons, are much used to give tenacity to shell-lime mortar, and finish to stone-lime plaster.

Next to betel, rice and sugar, ranks, as a necessity, tobacco. In the Siamese it is termed 'medicine;' but if only used medicinally they are a miserably sickly people, and that from the cradle to the grave. They commence its use at a period considerably more remote than that to which memory runneth back. It is not an exceedingly rare sight to see young Siam, in his mother's arms, alternate draughts at the fountain of life with whiffs of the light cigarette; though he does not abandon the maternal spring as early, by a year or two, as the child of the West. We have often seen one, just tottling about the house, hold a cigar between his fingers, and puff away the blue clouds with all the daintiness and gusto of one in other lands, who had made it a life-long study and delight. The cigars, of fine tobacco covered with dry plantain-leaf, are skilfully lodged when not in actual service over the ear, masculine or feminine. Large quantities are chewed with betel. Indeed, the Siamese have reached that highest grade of civilization and refinement, of which 'the use of the weed' is an index. The production of coffee, though of late date, has resulted in a good quantity and quality. Under foreign management and cultivated on the uplands, (on the low the root runs down into the water, and the tree too soon dies,) it would, according to the best judgment, become an extensive export. It is, however, mostly drunk by foreigners, and offered at entertainments of the wealthy; tea, imported, being the usual beverage. Hemp, of the finest strength and durability, and cotton of different varieties, are grown to some extent. The natives cleanse the latter from seeds, etc., between two

wooden cylinders, revolving, by hand, in opposite directions; beat it with rattan or whip-bow, roll it with fingers, and reel and weave it on machines very like those now antique at home. The gigantic 'silk cotton'-tree, with 'showers of scarlet lily-shaped blossoms,' offers the soft, downy contents (too short and brittle for yarn or cloth) of its pods for cushions, pillows and beds. The export of cotton, chiefly in Hainan-Chinese junks, and difficult of estimate, was in 1858, two thousand three hundred and thirty-four piculs, or three hundred and eleven thousand two hundred pounds, at about sixteen ticals, nine dollars and sixty cents per picul, for clean; prices in 1859 ranged from eight to twenty-five ticals, four dollars and eighty cents to fifteen dollars for cleaned and uncleaned.

The treaties of 1855 and 1856 with Great Britain, the United States, (negotiated by the Hon. Townsend Harris,) and France, with the consequent entrance of western science, machinery, capital and energy, are already and wonderfully stimulating and developing the agricultural resources of the country.

Yet, beside the fruit and the vegetable, are the flower-gardens of Siam. The people, from high to low, are exceedingly fond of flowers. Young children wear them circled around the top-knot or the head, and around the neck. The women net, of flowers, seeds and buds, fragrant and beautiful hanging ornaments of different forms, some resembling lampelles. Persons are sometimes seen with flowers swinging from mole-hairs on the skin. Coolies, digging our trenches, besmeared from the sole of the foot to the very tip of the tuft with mud, frequently carried them over the ear to regale themselves at intervals. In and around the capital are many gardens devoted exclusively to their culture for the royal palace, and for state, festal and funeral displays. A large area in rear of a palace, near which was our city home, bloomed with roses, from which was paid the royal tribute of a magnate. The daily quota of other princes and nobles was made up of other flowers. Portions of the royal palace grounds are filled with the richest and rarest, native and exotic. The temple grounds are gay with plats, parterres and vases; and the edifices themselves, ever redolent of sweetest perfumes exhaled from flowers, festooned from pillar to pillar, and vased before the idol-shrines. Here too the banian, with shoots descending and rooting in the earth, 'enlarges and beautifies its leafy palace,' but not in Indian frequency, magnitude and magnificence. And the sacred fig, another banian though not rooting from the branches, spreads its delightful tranquil shade, beneath which Gaudama, after long profound contemplation and divers works of merit, became Buddha. Reprobate indeed is he who would break a limb, or do other dishonor to it. The lotus of lotuses, 'a truly magnificent flower, whose rosy petals, half-opening, emit a sweet perfume from numerous golden stamina;' the exquisite nyctanthus; the oleander, 'pride of the jungle,' larger than the largest home-lilac; the honey-suckle, the jasmine, the pink, the amaranth, the heliotrope, the passion-flower, the cactus, the lily, and others, many unknown to the West. But the whole country is a garden of flowers; they cluster in myriads beneath and upon and amid fruit, shade and forest-trees, and shrubs and plants, arraying all, at the early rainy season, with variegated leaves and blossoms, in more than queenly

glory, and breathing odors we might well imagine celestial. The *mangrove* is the first and the last to the sight of the coming and departing visitor of Siam. Outskirting the river-mouths and the gulf-shores, it is at once a great conservative and aggressive. It protects the banks from wasting currents and tides; but more than this, it pushes far out and invades the waters. Its lower branches bend beneath the weight of the long clavate, or club-shaped fruit, which germinate, root, and spring up new plants, more and more remote from land. With their long, strong, arched and interlacing roots, they plunder from the passing waters floating drift, weeds, sticks, soil, and invite to their protection muscles, and other shell-fish. Thus they slowly narrow and fill the channel, and bring the shore to themselves. But their policy is, like that of many who 'remove the old land-marks,' fatal; when their ultra on-reaching successors have shut out from them the daily visits of the salt waters, they are said to wither and die.

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### AUTUMN.

Away towards the setting sun,  
Green hills are rising broad and grand,  
And on their tops the elm trees stand,  
Like chieftains, bronzed, and seared, and dun.

And oft the wind beneath their boughs,  
Lifts them like giant arms on high,  
That gesture out against the sky,  
And smite the gale in fierce carouse.

Down in the field, the barley-plumes  
Are ever nodding in the wind,  
Swaying without a will or mind,  
Drunk with the life that in them blooms.

And through the mead the waters creep —  
The mead of late so smoothly shorn —  
And pulsing on to night from morn,  
They murmur as if half-asleep.

Fair mother Earth smiles in the sun,  
Through her nine months of fear beguiled,  
And man, to labor reconciled,  
Gathers the wealth the year hath won.

## OVER THE RAPIDS.

CRIMSON and gold leaves were illuminating the summer verdure, like a Christmas-decorated fir, when Theodore Granville again pushed aside the bushes, and stood on his favorite rock, looking out on the masses of tinted vapor, forever rolling over the world's water-fall.

After eleven months spent in various combinations of the nine potent little figures, with the magical cipher, it was a vast relief to attain a spot whence nothing but beauty could be seen; where the eye was rested by the wealth which does not suggest the thought or necessity of money. With this paradise of water he had become thoroughly familiar in the month of leisure he allowed himself; indeed, so lavish was the love bestowed on the scene, that he unconsciously felt the interest of a guardian in Niagara, and was really affronted when unappreciative or careless eyes glanced at the wonders which years of study only intensified. The love of beauty was deeply implanted in Theodore Granville, and thirty-five years of cultivation had taught his eye to feel exquisite satisfaction in form and coloring: he had no patience with those who did not possess this keen susceptibility of vision.

Most of this man's life was necessarily spent in a dark counting-room, where he worked, as miners do under ground, to procure the ore which, transmuted, may become 'a joy forever.' Theodore Granville's rooms were situated on a narrow street of the coldest town in America; here books, pictures, and one statue, well-chiselled, made his evenings less solitary; but these pleasures were limited, they could not renovate his whole nature, like the watching of this liquid emerald and amber, distilled by the fall into incense. Theodore Granville's nature was not entirely æsthetic; his standard of living was high and seldom reached; it annoyed him to fall far short of perfectness himself; he was astonished that others did not pretend to attain the Alpine point.

A thorough-bred Englishman in his manner and habits, he had learned to live within himself, and found most society rather distasteful. His hair was already iron-gray, while his upper-lip was shaded by a jet-black moustache, a little scornfully curled. It was impossible to discover the color of his eye: sometimes it darkened to the velvet blueness of a pansy, again a fawn's could not be more beseeching in its softness.

You can partially understand now the man who clasps a tree on the extreme verge of the rock, and looks entranced at the water-crowned rainbow. Nevertheless his attention is distracted by the groups ever passing his retreat: he inwardly despises the lady who is more occupied with her dress and its arrangement, than the overwhelming grandeur; he looks contemptuously on the bride and her absorbed husband, too much pleased with each other to care for the glorious cataract — he wonders how a woman's eyes can equal the depth of the many-colored foam. The looker-on is enraged because a young girl, careful of her complexion, keeps down her veil, and he stares with indignation at a man who ventures to yawn, while gazing at the majestic flood. He can

only console himself with the thought that these people are from 'the States;' illiterate and superficial, he ought to expect from them no greater appreciation. Theodore Granville fully believed that the most foolish and ridiculous human being in the world was an American school-girl, especially when she happened to be visiting his chosen haunt: her enthusiasm was affectation, and her simplicity palpable ignorance. With these reflections, his eye turned from a pretty girl just passing, and exclaiming, 'Is n't it lovely!' to the scene of which he never tired.

Voices were heard very near: looking around, Theodore Granville beheld intruders standing on the moss worn by his feet. One of the party, a woman, pressed forward and looked in silence. Transfixed, on the very edge of the rock, her face was plainly seen — an unusual face at all times, for through beautifully moulded features, beamed the rarer beauty of a cultured mind and a pure soul. From all the faces you have ever seen, few like this rise in remembrance; it is a beauty of which the owner seems as unconscious as the water-lily on a mountain lake. She stood unmindful of herself or her companions, engrossed with the fascinating avalanche of water, until the awe, and sublimity, and enjoyment of the first look at the cataract shone through her face. With bared head she stood, for the black straw travelling-hat had interfered with her free and uninterrupted vision, so she held it in her hand, while the sun turned some of her chestnut hairs into gold, and the breeze stirred her graceful curls.

Theodore did not look where she was gazing, but plainer than he ever saw the Horse-shoe Fall, he beheld the minutest details of her dress, and the crowning glory of that radiant, harmonious face. 'I beg your pardon, but you are venturing too near!' The young lady drew back, startled by a stranger's abrupt words, and found herself alone. Theodore held out his hand to lead her to a safer footing, she bowed her thanks, and quickly disappeared through the bushes to join her friends.

Twilight was this man's favorite hour on his rock, yet this evening he did not linger, he looked again at the mist, tinged with the sunset beauty, and finding no reflection in a woman's eyes, followed the path through the springing bushes.

During the hours that remained of his holiday, Theodore Granville haunted every point of interest, pretending to himself that he must have a last look from his old friendly nooks, in reality disquieted when he did not see in any place the woman who could understand and enjoy Niagara.

In the same mood Mr. Granville paced the deck of the steamer which would convey him to his daily drudgery, as he bitterly thought it now, when about to be separated from his dreamy idleness on the banks of the unfathomable stream. Never had it been so difficult to tear himself away from the spot: usually thoughts of business and the healthfulness of work made him willing to hear the deep music no more; now he impatiently waited for the boat to be loosened, the plank to be withdrawn, still regretting that his journey was unalterably commenced.

There were not many passengers, only a few late tourists, and the common

number of uninteresting people always travelling. Theodore Granville prided himself on a freedom from sentiment, and could not endure souvenirs of places he had seen. Still as he strode the lower deck irritated by the delay, he was biting a cedar branch which had grown on that mossy rock. Its perfume recalled the scene, and the fair vision of a face clear as crystal, ever looking toward the misty flood.

He pressed his fingers on his eyes, shutting out the dull steamboat and its tiresome surroundings, when suddenly voices were again heard, and on the plank appeared the black straw hat, shading that graceful head. The lady in advance was not young; she had those pretty silver-gray curls which suit fair faces whence youth has faded, and a penetrating eye, withal kindly and sensible. Leaning on a gentleman's arm, came behind her the young lady, in a dress so fresh and well-arranged, that she was at once pronounced a bride by the majority of beholders.

The gentleman with whom she walked, was nobly built, and carried well a head covered with light clusters of curls. He bent a little toward his companion, revealing a smooth, unshaded face, and a laughing blue eye. Theodore Granville's face grew darker, it frowned at him from the water into which he looked as they passed him. Every body of any pretensions sought the upper deck, when the luggage was well settled, and the voyage commenced—that delicious voyage, beginning with the water fresh from the cataract, ending with the ocean.

It was very natural that Mr. Granville should find a seat not far from the ladies, and their attendant gentleman; they saw merely a well-bred looking man reading a scarlet railway-book, while he was quietly studying the group, with well-disguised interest. A new sensation is often agreeable: Mr. Granville had never felt the pleasure before of finding out from trifles how strangers were connected. It was a novel thing for him to be involuntarily listening, trying to distinguish from their tones whence they came, and how they were bound together.

They were, evidently, 'old-country' people; the elder woman spoke in a clear, distinct way, and looked thoroughly English; doubtless the young lady was travelling under an aunt's care, on her way 'home.' Their chairs were drawn together; the lady with the silver curls wrapped her water-proof cloak about her, and scanned the boat, its passengers, and the widening shores of Ontario. Theodore felt her scrutinizing eye pass over his face, while he tried to read confused and meaningless words; the young lady was sitting in such a way that he could only see her chestnut curls falling under the straw hat, and brushing the plaid thrown over her shoulders, for the air was fresh. The gentleman was leaning on the arm of her chair, looking not out on the lake, but at her expressive face. Would a brother *thus* lean on the arm of her chair? The reader grew restless, and throwing his book down, tried to enjoy the noble lake.

The perplexing question would return to Mr. Granville's mind, and glancing again at his pleased, satisfied smile, the thought would force itself that she must belong to him in anticipation, for he never dreamed that he could be her



husband. There was a strange fascination in the group, not a movement escaped this man, although he could seldom hear a word spoken by one of the party, the young lady's voice was too low ever to reach his ear.

When he next looked, the elder woman was holding a bit of cedar, and saying so loud that he distinctly heard: 'You think this will bring back Niagara, eh, Victoria?' How that name rang through this man's heart—the name of his sovereign, of whom he always said, 'God bless her!' was this *her* name, too, this English girl's?

In his pocket he felt for his cedar, his souvenir; would not this indeed bring back Niagara to him! The fair-haired man said pleasantly, but in a manner disagreeable to the listener: 'You shall go there every year, and not have time to forget.' Had he a *right* to take her there? The young lady assumed a less languid attitude, and soon left her chair for a seat nearer the water; the gentleman stood by her side, attentive to her words and looks, the other lady watched them narrowly.

There came a grating of the boat, and a nearing the little wharf of a stopping-place, in the course of the morning; the delay was necessary for taking in wood, and did not promise to be short; moreover, the deck was sunny. The young lady quietly drew from her travelling-bag a sketch-book, and began to point a pencil in a neat, skilful way. The gentleman leaned on her chair, and looked excessively interested; the sunlight fell on the white page dazzlingly: there was not a bit of shade to interpose, the young lady turned to seek some relief. Theodore Granville was a proud man, and never officious, nevertheless he unstrapped a light umbrella, and going forward offered it to the gentleman, saying: 'I beg your pardon; the sun is very troublesome.' At these words the young lady turned, with unaffected wonder, and again bowed her thanks. The elder woman looked up distrustfully, and watched the man until he stood with folded arms, at a safe distance. Meanwhile the pencil moved with dexterous strokes, outlining the bit of landscape seen through the opening. 'A lodge in some vast wilderness, is it?' said the lady with the soft gray curls; 'where is your hermit, or hero?' 'Here!' cried the gentleman, springing up, 'I will be her hero; let me run ashore, and strike an attitude!' Before the latter words had been spoken, Mr. Granville was already crossing the plank, and strolling along the shore to a point whence could be seen the sketcher, shaded by the welcome umbrella, held by her watchful companion. The handsome gentleman threw himself under a tree, directly opposite the ladies, and called out that he was ready to personate her hero, if that expression suited.

The dark-eyed man stood in the shadow, unobserved apparently, yet he, too, was looking in the direction of the upper-deck. Presently Mr. Granville disappeared deeper in the forest, and did not issue until the warning-bell began to strike. As he reached the deck, the light-haired gentleman was leaning over her shoulder, looking at the sketch. 'You've made a mistake,' he said with an annoyed air; 'you did not take me, after all; so that fellow is your hero!'

'Victoria thought you did not suit the scene,' the other lady interposed,

'you looked too debonair, too happy: that dark, misanthropic man was the better hermit, and owner of that dreary lodge.'

The pencils were put away, the umbrella returned, and the party summoned to the dinner-table, where the gentleman's solicitude for the young lady's comfort still continued. They were evidently old friends; there was no appearance of trying to please on either side; the handsome gentleman took it for granted that he might take care of her—at least during this voyage. The after-dinner hour passed idly away; the young woman whose presence transformed the boat into a temporary Arcadia, was invisible; the fair-haired man was in the forward part of the steamer, solaced by a cigar; on his return to the upper deck, Theodore found the lady of the water-proof reading his book so attentively that she did not immediately notice his presence. At length, laying it down with an apologetic look, she unfastened a reticule, and arranged the contents in a more orderly way. Three or four letters were not disposed of when the gentleman approached.

'Come here, Harold,' she exclaimed, 'I can't quite make out this name: is it Granville, d'ye think? Mr. Hamilton is a very wretched penman.'

'Yes,' answered the gentleman addressed, deliberately, 'it looks like Granville—ever hear of him?'

'I fancy so;' the lady replied, 'he is Mr. Hamilton's best friend; he particularly desired us to find him out, as he would make our stay very agreeable.'

'Where's Victoria?' inquired the gentleman playing with the letter. 'Is the lake too rough?'

'I told her she must rest,' said the lady; 'she has been too excited at the Falls to sleep well. Here she comes fresh as ever.'

As she neared them, the deck was lighted up for the two men like 'clear shining after rain. Mr. Granville had a fuller view of her calm serenity of brow, her depth of eye, her self-possessed yet gentle bearing. Harold smiled as if she were coming back to him. There was a freshness about this girl, in her face untroubled as a child's, on her cheek with its soft peach bloom, in her manner, showing how well she understood herself; when you saw her, it brought back the reviving fragrance of the sea-shore, with its pleasant dash of spray. She sat looking off on the boundless lake, while Harold went below, bound on a secret tour of investigation concerning this man with iron-gray hair and the distinguished mien. As the boat moved on tranquilly, Victoria thought of her own life, its peaceful progress, and wondered whether any thing would ever give her a new sensation again like the first sight of the water-fall. Would life still rise and fall like the regular motion of Ontario, or would there yet come before the peace, the hurrying rapids and majestic fall, surmounted by the rainbow?

Through Harold came the tidings that this stranger was from a town in the Lower Province; he might know the gentlemen to whom they bore letters of introduction; the elder lady signified that she liked his appearance; Victoria acquiesced; their escort took advantage of a trifle to engage Mr. Granville in conversation. Meanwhile Victoria saw the scarlet book lying on the bench,

and took the questionable liberty of ascertaining the owner's name. When she read 'Theodore Granville,' her heart gave a peculiar little flutter, and the elder lady looked, also.

'Can it be possible, dear, that this is Mr. Hamilton's friend?'

Just then the two men approached, and after that the party was increased to four; for of course, Harold was not long in discovering the coincidence, and Mr. Granville gladly acknowledged the letter as intended for himself.

Before Theodore Granville could trust himself to hear this woman speak, he sought the explanatory letter, hoping it would reveal their ties. Mr. Hamilton begged leave to introduce to his kindest notice, his particular friend, Miss D —, under the care of her brother, an unexceptionable man. The lady with the soft grey curls answered the description fully. Who was this unknown Victoria, this queen of hearts? The letter vouchsafed no further information. When Victoria said, 'Harold, let us go forward for a change,' Mr. Granville stood courteously to let them pass, but his eye darkened, and in his heart a new pain stirred.

Miss D — was an unusually agreeable girl; she talked well and not too much, listened in a way that was flattering, and made you confess that her friendship would be valuable. She persisted in talking of those subjects implying a knowledge of books and art; not one word did she say relevant to the two standing in the forward part of the boat. Usually this man would have fallen readily into the consideration of topics quite congenial with his feelings; now he answered rather vaguely, studying to find some unnoticeable way in which Victoria's relation to the two travellers might be more apparent. Was this proud, dignified man thus descending to the demands of ordinary curiosity, or did something within urge superior claims? Just as Mr. Granville was becoming very restless, the two returned, her curls tossed by the breeze into lighter clusters. They found a sheltered corner, and the four, soothed by the regular surging of the boat, fell into that pleasant, desultory way of talking which unconsciously reveals the character. There was, however, generally one listener. Victoria preferred watching the unfolding of other minds to the revelation of her true self; so she studied carefully the two men who imperceptibly laid themselves open for her criticism and observation. Outwardly, the two were utterly unlike, and Victoria traced the same dissimilarity through their tastes and organization. She knew well the fair-haired man, and like his sunny eye and winning smile was his generous, frank, and unsuspicious nature. The changeable eye of the other man was not easily fathomed. Victoria only perceived at first that their travelling-companion was most deferential, and very mindful of those little attentions, particularly attractive when rendered by a man of his age and temperament.

Miss D — had the capability of drawing out both men, and throwing in those suggestions and guidances that smooth away all roughnesses. Again Victoria opened her travelling-bag, and instead of her sketch-book, produced a folding chess-board, and set of chess-men curiously carved and daintily small. The two men watched her pretty fingers arranging the pieces for their contest. Was she trying their skill still further?

They had adjourned to a table in the saloon: here Victoria threw aside her hat, and prepared to watch the game with eyes full of interest. Harold's well-shaped hand played among the crimson men, moving them in a light, dancing manner in accordance with his spirits.

Theodore Granville's brow contracted; his pieces were pushed with a quick, decided movement to the allotted place; he was thoroughly in earnest. From a sofa, Miss D —— watched the group; sunlight and shadow she mused; opposite shone Victoria's transparent face; of which side was she the guardian angel? was the red or white queen her favorite? Harold grew more solicitous, for the game was being well contested. Suddenly he looked up, exclaiming:

'What reward, Victoria, shall the conqueror receive?'

'My bit of cedar,' she said triumphantly, 'that fragrant branch picked from the bough overhanging the rock whence I first saw Niagara. Is that enough?'

Mr. Granville's eye grew darker; he looked closer on the board, while Harold gayly pointed to the very button-hole it should adorn, nearest his heart. Harold was evidently on the winning side; his cheeks flushed with pleasure; the peach-bloom deepened on Victoria's, when, by a few adroit and far-reaching strokes, the crimson king was inclosed in a net so entangling that only one avenue of escape remained. Harold bit his lips, moved once more in desperation, when gracefully the white queen swept down the board, and made her conquest sure. It happened in the changes and intricacies of the game that the white king was by her side!

Without a word, Victoria arose, and in a queenly way, fastened the bit of cedar in Theodore Granville's button-hole; but she did not express by look or sign whether she was really pleased. The sunset was too gorgeous to be lost. Victoria, well wrapped in shawls, stood on the deck, exhausting no adjectives on the scene: her two companions saw her face: that was enough.

Miss D ——, more prudent, sat by the swinging lamp, reading, and glancing occasionally at the three figures not too old for romance, and sunset beauties.

Harold began to sing melodiously; his tenor was delightful. Theodore could not refrain from a rich, deep base when he heard 'God save the Queen!' So they loitered there, until the stars came out, and Victoria was a little chilled; although no one professed to be tired, there was a tendency to silence on their return to the saloon. Theodore was entertained by Miss D ——, while Victoria walked up and down, steadied by her companion. It was quite easy to say, 'I trust you and your niece do not find the voyage very fatiguing,' yet Mr. Granville's voice faltered: no, that man could never be her uncle.

'Does Miss Raymond sing?' he ventured to inquire in a suitable pause.

'No, not habitually,' Miss D —— replied, 'Harold's wife was a charming musician.'

Theodore felt very grateful to the shadow for shielding the astonishment he felt; a strange buoyancy possessed him, when that word *was* returned to annoy and perplex him. His wife was; the verb denoted the past; he might still be free.

'Victoria is unlike her sister,' Miss D — went on to say, 'but I hope she will fill her place; it is my dearest wish.'

Theodore did not like the tone with which his companion said this, nor the sisterly look she directed toward Victoria. Would not the *friendship* of this woman suffice the sister and brother?

At an early hour the two ladies withdrew. Harold took a cigar, and did not linger with his companion. When midnight made Ontario very lovely, Mr. Granville still paced the deck; at every step he perceived the fragrance of the cedar bough.

Victoria lingered in Miss D —'s state-room, and was very helpful in unpacking her dressing-case. Finally she turned the conversation ingeniously to Mr. Granville, trying with a woman's tact, to find how he stood in the lady's critical estimation. Miss D — was sufficiently versed in a girl's perverseness to make no disparaging remarks, treating him rather as an intensely cold Englishman, polite by habit, and not a subject for very especial consideration or attention.

Victoria opened her sketch-book on reaching her own state-room, and altered the expression of the figure plainly outlined; he was not a misanthrope, but a living, thinking man. In the narrow berth, looking out on dark Ontario, Victoria meditated on Harold's character. As her sister's husband he had hitherto been a good-natured, kind brother; of late their relation had changed; she must think of him now in his true light, and weigh the attainments of his manhood. She thought of him in his daily life, carrying into his business this hopeful, cheerful nature, shunning the troubles, courting the pleasures of existence. She remembered his unvarying kindness, and the filling of her sister's brief married life with constant brightness; she knew his devotion as a brother, his pleasant acquaintance with all the arts which make life happier: and yet she could not feel that in this man she would feel that repose of soul for which she yearned. The brother-love had not worn away with him; the voyage would be monotonous and placid: she longed for the leaping, tumultuous waves, preceding the plunge sublime and beautiful! The vision of Harold faded away; the words, 'I beg your pardon; you are too near!' rang in her ears. Was she too near the edge to be safe?

Sunrise on Ontario found them floating through the Thousand Isles. Victoria was alone, watching the boat's course, when Mr. Granville came on deck, still wearing the cedar prize. Morning shows the bright and practical part of our nature; at evening we may poetize. They were talking very freely of life's aims and responsibilities when Harold approached, less elated than usual, yet stooping to kiss Victoria's hand as he said 'Good morning!'

They were drifting into the St. Lawrence, the water still tinged with memories of Niagara, separating two nations, yet bringing them together. Theodore Granville had felt no dismay even when he discovered that this Englishwoman had never touched British soil; it did not matter to which hemisphere Victoria belonged, any country might be proud of her nativity. So the day wore away, with increasing disquietude for Harold, increasing satisfaction for

the fourth voyager : he had long ago found out that this woman could understand him, and he trusted himself in her hands.

By a woman's intuition, Victoria noticed the shadow in Harold's blue eyes, and by delicate manœuvres restored his faith. The two men were less demonstrative to-day ; Victoria came forth from her reserve, and charmed the hours magically.

Grave and gay, child-like and womanly, she still made visible the rainbow over the water. Through life's smooth and rough places, the voyage would be safe with this woman ; from the river she would surely reach the ocean beyond !

The boat was nearing the rapids, that perilous part of the noble river, when the heart beats quicker. Victoria tried to quiet the hurried pulsations ; why should the rapids agitate her, the pilot was already on board ! Nearer they drew, until the boat began to rock and tremble. Theodore had passed through these rapids scores of times, yet never before did his heart bound and tremble in unison. The four friends were standing, exhilarated by the novelty of the motion, and the apparent danger. More convulsively the boat plunged. Victoria could not stand alone : there were *two* hands outstretched, *two* arms offered for her support.

At Niagara she wished to be alone, to drink in that excessive beauty. On the lake it mattered not who amused her. On the narrower river she was independent of aid. When danger threatened and the rapids were under their feet, to whom should she cling ? Who would best still her frightened and helpless heart ?

Harold's beseeching blue eyes claimed the privilege ; she must not hesitate : with a sudden impulse she drew closer to Theodore Granville's side, and his strong, loving arm bore her *then and always — over the Rapids !*

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## A SEA-PICTURE.

LIGHTLY o'er the heaving deep  
Roll the zephyrs of the West ;  
Shadows of the cloud-hills creep,  
Like a dream o'er Ocean's breast.  
Lights and shadows dance and play  
With the gladsome wavelets of the sea :  
The snow-white sails fade far away,  
And the shore-surge peals its symphony.

W. T.



## IN CAMP WITH THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

ON the twenty-seventh day of January, 1859, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, I thought I had reached Babel: it was an error, I had only reached the outskirts of the Pasha's camp, at the Barrage. Such another collection of donkey-boys, fellaheen, camels, cawasses, stalks of sugar-cane, howagas, curses, pipes, bournousses, tarboushes, boiled beans and camel chips, dust, musk and dirt, could only be assembled by that powerful attraction, a FANTASIA at the Barrage, in honor of the Pasha's birthday.

'Look out for your hams, the Effendi is coming!'

Thus shouted the runner, who had accomplished on foot the distance from Cairo in about three hours, coming in ahead of the raw-boned, feather-tailed Arabian I rode.

And as his shout regarding hams might by some ingenious reader be tortured into the idea, that the Effendi was a pork-stealer, it may be as well to state here, that reference was made to human hams — pretty well dried, but by no means sugar-cured — which the runner desired might be removed from injury arising from the headlong career of the Effendi Babbaga Thahab, on his fiery steed. And here, apropos of hams, let me say, that this account of Camp Life in Egypt is written solely in admiration of AN ARMY THAT CAN LIVE WITHOUT PORK. Solemn fact.

Working our way through the here brilliant, there mud-colored crowd, our party reached the long stone bridge over the Nile, connecting the main land with the Barrage; crossed it, and found our passage barred by sentinels. To the Ravel troupe we were indebted for admittance into the festive scene; not directly, but from instructions obtained from them in past years in the noble art of pantomime. 'T was thus:

The sentinels addressed us in Arabic, we essayed to reply by producing sundry sounds like the *ut de poitrine* of Lablache, or the resonant voice of a large bull-frog. We brought into play all the words we had picked up from books, donkey-boys, and the shop-keepers of the bazaars, including the black-eyed wearers of yashmaks. 'T was a failure.

How to get in? We were to be the guests of an officer in the Pasha's artillery, whom we shall call Jarie Bey; and after all words failed, suddenly the bright idea of Ravel-ling our way in, struck us. The officer had blue eyes, we pointed to the sky, and then to our own optics; we pantomimed a piece of artillery, accompanying it with the vocal sound 'Boom!' The sentinels let us pass!

Moreover, one waved his hand to the right bank of the river, and we went along it outside of the walls of the fort, and soon found ourselves among tents, plunging horses, and two or three regiments of naked soldiers, soaping each

other, and then diving into the Nile. They looked, as regards color, like doughnuts on legs, with icing over them, until the soapy icing disappeared under a wave of water. After this life-school study, we entered a gate of the fort, and found tents pitched, and infantry at work cleaning guns and accoutrements; finally bringing up at a complete Swiss chalet, as perfect as if it had been moved that morning from Kandersteg. This was the temporary residence and head-quarters of the Pasha. One of his last toys. Finally, I saw afar off a white-haired German, and lifted up my voice and hailed him; and when he replied, I knew that the man was a Mecklenburger: and he told me that at a certain place outside the walls of the fort, was a buffet, kept by a German, who had lager-beer for sale.

TEN thousand miles I've travelled,  
Ten thousand miles and more;  
But lager-beer in Egypt  
I never saw before!

And he could probably direct us to Jarie Bey's tent. On our way we passed through clouds of smoke, and scents of onions frying, and many joints roasting; and *fellaheen*, with wooden trays on their heads, with palm-leaf covers, bearing army rations, piping hot, to the hungry soldiers. Such another scene as the kitchen presented! Five hundred cooks at work in the open air, and a promiscuous rush and turmoil, as if they had but one minute to live, and must die amid gravy. Before we reached the buffet, we encountered Jarie Bey, and at once proceeded to the lager-beer (which beer, by the way, is brewed in Alexandria, and is not very good) and cigar saloon; here we refreshed ourselves, and then passing through the fort, and out the other side, were at home with the artillery, and soon seated on the heavy carpets spread on the ground inside of the Bey's tent. We found two of his brother officers encamped with him; one, a pious Mussulman, was going through the prayers, head bobbing up and down toward Mecca, prayer-carpet spread out, etc.; but the other officer had a Greek look about him, and when our *sais* brought out a brandy-bottle, his eyes gleamed like a hawk's, and he wound up an Arabic exclamation of delight with two English words, shockingly expressive, as he poured down the better half of a tumbler of cognac, straight!

Clapping his hands, the Bey, whose body-servant at once appeared at the call, ordered pipes; and the Mussulman, having finished praying, brought out his splendidly-mounted *tchibouk*, ordered his servant to fill and light it, and then courteously insisted on my smoking it, which request I at once complied with. In came the coffee, and we smoked, drank, and chatted away an hour, the conversation filled up in the gaps by the kicking and squealing of our horses, tethered outside the tent, and who evinced the most unamiable desire of attacking each other—if the ropes would only permit. We then made a tour of inspection of the park of artillery, finding the guns in good order, and the Bey occasionally stopping to Arabic a little, very energetically, when a chain was unloose, or a speck of dust found in one of the five or twelve-pounders. There were some splendid specimens of French and Spanish mules for the ammunition-wagons; the French mules were for the most part white, and many

of them were over seventeen hands high. While we were inspecting several Arab horses used for the artillery, we were nearly lifted off our feet by a discharge of three hundred guns at sunset from the fort, the walls of which rising above our heads not fifty yards off, bristled with heavy artillery : then, while our ears rung with the discharge, and a cloud of smoke shut us in, the sharp clatter of hoofs sounded in front of us ; and jumping for the shelter of a gun, the Bey pulled us after him, as a number of mules and horses, having broken their fastenings, thundered by. After them came the artillery-men, the tassels of their tarboushes streaming in the wind, and their full breeches puffed out like balloons ; for half-an-hour in and out among guns, they kept up the chase, finally securing all but one or two fiery ones, among which the Bey's blood mare was counted, and who finally came to tent of her own accord, and after sundry coquettings, at last put her nose on the Bey's cheek, and submitted herself to the ropes.

At night the entire fort was illuminated with brilliant lamps and colored lanterns, most ingeniously devised, turning the scene into a veritable Arabian Night's Entertainment. The view from the river side was more picturesque than can be imagined. The fort seemed hung in air, and was reflected in the slow-flowing waters of the Nile ; while the thousand flowing garments of soldiers and dusky fellaheen, came out startlingly in contrast with the deep shadows of the darkness beyond the illumination.

With a good blanket, and a saddle for pillow, we slept soundly in tent that night, to be wakened in the morning by the salute of three hundred guns again, making the canvas over-head tremble, and creating stampede number two among the mules and artillery-horses. At nine o'clock in the morning, the Pasha, looking like a fat old turtle-dove, had a grand review of the entire army, not among the least curious of which was the cavalry, including the Bashi-Bazouks, with their black and red stove-pipe hats, without brims, and with crowns eight or ten inches high ! The infantry marched well, and presented a soldierly appearance ; but the artillery made a splendid turn-out, the officers gleaming with broad belts of woven gold, and resplendent as to all their accoutrements ; patent-leather top-boots, with gold tassels, gold-mounted swords, and so on. In the afternoon there was a balloon-ascension, by the Godards from Paris ; there was dancing by the GHAWAZEE ; a grand collation given by the Pasha, where champagne flowed like etc. etc. ; superb display of fireworks at night : fun, frolic, more cognac ! Several millions of piastres spent, six artillery-men blown to pieces. Any amount of bastinadoing next day at the cavass office in Cairo ; and a thorough experience of a FANTASIA acquired by the well-entertained guest of Jarie Bey.

## PETER HART:

A BALLAD OF THE SIEGE OF SUMTER

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.

'Twas when the rebel batteries were firing shot and shell,  
 When thick round Sumter's battlements the deadly missiles fell,  
 Where worn and weary from the siege the gallant little band,  
 'Gainst countless and o'erwhelming odds right nobly made their stand.

Then spake our gallant Anderson: 'Stand forth, my fearless men,  
 And give the traitors one more round, and man the guns again;  
 The flag that floats above our heads was raised with tears and prayer:  
 God willing, its bright starry folds shall float forever there.'

Then at the word stood forth the men, bold-hearted, brave, and true,  
 Shame on procrastinating rule, alas! they were too few!  
 And with a cheering, ringing shout, 'mid shot and bursting shell,  
 Right manfully they serve the guns, and do their duty well.

Yet one remains! say, can it be amid that little band,  
 A traitor lurks, to plot and bring woe on his native land?  
 Not so! with half-averted eye, tears streaming down his cheeks,  
 From quivering lip and faltering tongue, a patriot soul out-speaks:

'Where broad Hudson's swelling tide drives back the ocean's foam,  
 In the great city of New-York, I have my little home;  
 But chance from all I hold most dear has borne me far away,  
 And the same chance has watched my steps and brought me here to-day.

'But when in Charleston's streets I stood amid the rebel crew,  
 They made me swear a solemn oath e'er they would pass me through,  
 That come what might, through wrong or right, on water or on land,  
 Against the Southern foe in fight I'd never lift my hand.

'I took the oath, with faltering tongue, but 't was to save my life,  
 And came — it might be I could aid a little in the strife:  
 I cannot join to man the guns, the solemn oath I spoke,  
 And Peter Hart thus far in life his promise never broke.

'But on the battlements I'll stand, and call aloud, 'Beware!'  
 And watch to tell when shot and shell come darting through the air,  
 That all take warning: Peter Hart must to his oath be true,  
 But for his country he will dare all that a man may do.'

And there upon the battlements through all the siege he stood,  
All ready, if it need be, to baptize them with his blood;  
And as the rebel port-holes flashed, called loudly, 'Shot!' or 'Shell!'  
And when it struck, then came the word: 'Thank God, for all is well!'

Why tell how traitor force prevailed? each child through all the land,  
Can lisp the story of the siege, tell how the little band,  
'Mid blazing barracks, bursting shells, fasting, and weak and worn,  
Fought till their failing strength gave out, till every means was gone,  
And then in honor, with their flag, marched from the stronghold forth,  
Leaving the rebels blackened walls, sailed for the loyal North.

O loyal city of New-York! be proud, as well you may,  
That yours divide with Anderson the honors of that day;  
We loved you as the mighty one, the country's boast and pride,  
But a bond now knits us unto you that nothing may divide.

Away with petty rivalry, with every vain dispute,  
In the country's song of Freedom, let jarring notes be mute!  
New-England sends thee greeting, in love extends her hand,  
And we swell the cheers for Union which are echoing through the land.

And not in vain 'gainst Sumter's walls, the waves of rebel ire  
Broke in a storm of shot and shell, and sheets of smoke and fire;  
And not in vain the starry flag bowed to a traitor band;  
It has roused to life the spirit of a mighty loyal land.

Already on the eastern hills the dawn of Freedom's day,  
Tells that the plague-spot of our land shall soon be purged away;  
That the down-trodden shall be raised, and ours shall truly be,  
As often vainly vaunted, land of the brave and *Free!*

You who have toiled and waited — oh! great will be your gain.  
Ye soldiers in the camp and field, ye labor not in vain!  
Remember each when heavy paths your weary feet have trod,  
To toil in patience, working out the purposes of God.

*Glen Ridge, Mass.*

## THROUGH THE COTTON STATES.

It was a delicious morning late in December when I landed at Georgetown. The little steamer *Nina*, (a cross between a half-grown nautilus and a full-grown tub,) which a few weeks later was enrolled as the first man-of-war of the Confederate navy, then performed the carrying trade between the two principal cities of South-Carolina. On her, in company with sundry boxes, bales, and other merchandise, I had embarked the previous night at Charleston. Armed with a friendly invitation from an 'up-country' planter, whom I had met while travelling, I had started on a tour of observation through the rice and turpentine districts which skirt the Waccamaw river.

As our embryo war-steamer rounded up to the long, low, rickety dock, lumbered breast-high with cotton, turpentine, and resin, not a white face was to be seen. A few half-clad, shiftless-looking negroes, lounging idly about, were the only portion of the population that had gathered to witness our landing.

'Are all the people dead?' I inquired of one of them, thinking it strange that so important an event as the arrival of the Charleston packet should excite no greater interest in so quiet a town. 'Not ded, massa,' he replied, with a knowing chuckle, 'but dey getting ready for a fun'ral.' 'What funeral?' I asked. 'Dey gwine to shoot all de abolition darkies at de Norf, and den have a brack burying, he! he!' saying which, the sable gentleman expanded the opening in his countenance to an enormous extent, doubtless at the brilliancy of his own wit.

I asked him to take my portmanteau, and conduct me to the best hotel. He readily assented with a 'Yas, yas, massa, I show you where all de *big-bugs* stop;' but at once turning to another darkey standing near, accosted him with, 'Here, Jim, you lazy nigga, tote de gemman's tings.'

'Why don't you take them yourself?' I asked; 'you will then get all the pay.' 'No, no, massa; dat nigga and me in partnership; he do de work, and I keep de change,' was the grinning reply, which admirably illustrates a peculiarity I have observed to be universal with the negro. When left to his own discretion, he invariably 'goes into partnership' with some one poorer than himself, and no matter how trivial the task, shirks all the labor he can.

The silent darkey and my portmanteau in the van, and the garrulous old negro guarding my flank, I wended my way through the principal street to the hotel. On the route I resumed the conversation:

'So, uncle, you say the people here are getting ready for a black burying?'

'Yas, massa, gwine to bury all dem mis'erable free niggas at de Norf.'

'Why, uncle,' I inquired; 'what will you do that for?'

'Why for, massa! you ax why for!' he exclaimed in surprise.

'I do n't know,' I rejoined, 'I'm a stranger here,'

'Well, you see, massa, dem ab'litionist niggas up dere have been and 'lected



an ole ducky, dey call Uncle Abe, for Pres'dent, and Old Abe he gwine to come down Souf, and cut all de decent niggas troats. He'll hab a good time, he will! My young massa's captain of de sodgers, and he'll catch de ole coon, and hang him up so high de crows won't cotch him; yas, he will;' and again the old ducky's face opened till it looked like the entrance to the Mammoth Cave. He, evidently, had read the Southern papers.

Depositing my luggage at the hotel, which I found on a side-street — a dilapidated, unpainted wooden building, with a female landlord — I started out to explore the town, till the hour for dinner. Retracing my steps in the direction of the steamboat landing, I found the streets nearly deserted, although it was the hour when the principal part of the day's business is transacted. Soon I discovered the cause. The militia of the place were out on parade. Preceded by a colored band, playing national airs, which I thought in doleful keeping with the occasion, and followed by a motley collection of negroes of all sexes and ages, the company was entering the principal street. As it passed me, I could judge of the prowess of the redoubtable captain, who, according to Pompey, is to hang the President 'so high de crows won't cotch him.' He was a harmless-looking young man, with long, spindle 'legs, admirably fitted for running. He was not formidable in other respects; still there *was* a certain martial air about an enormous sabre which hung at his side, and occasionally got entangled in his nether integuments, and a fiery, warlike look to the heavy tuft of reddish hair which sprouted in bristling defiance from his upper lip.

His company numbered about seventy; some with uniforms and some without, and bearing all sorts of arms, from the old flint-lock musket to the modern revolving rifle. They were, however, sturdy fellows, and looked as if they might do service at 'the imminent deadly breach.' Their full ranks taken from a population of less than five hundred whites, told unmistakably the intense war feeling of the community.

Georgetown is one of the oldest towns in South-Carolina, and has a decidedly *finished* appearance. Not a single building, I was informed, had been erected there within five years. Turpentine is one of the chief productions of the district; yet the cost of white lead and chrome yellow has rendered paint a scarce commodity, and the houses, consequently, all wear a dingy, decayed look. Though situated on a magnificent bay, a little below the confluence of three noble rivers, which drain a country of surpassing richness, and though the centre of the finest rice-growing district in the world, the town is dead. Every thing about it wears an air of dilapidation. The few white men you meet in the streets, or see lounging lazily around the stores and warehouses, appear to lack all purpose and energy. Long contact with the negro has given to them his shiftless, aimless character.

The ordinance of secession had passed the Legislature a short time prior to my visit, and, as might be expected, the political situation was the all-engrossing topic of thought and conversation. In the estimation of the whites, a glorious future was opening on the little State. Whether she stood alone, or was supported by the other slave States, she would assume a high rank among the nations of the earth; her cotton and rice would draw tribute from

every clime, and when she spoke creation would tremble. Such overweening State pride among *such* a people, shiftless, indolent and enervated as they are, strikes a stranger as in the last degree ludicrous; but when they tell you, in the presence of the black, whose strong brawny arms and sinewy frame show that in him lies the real strength of the State, that this great empire is to be built on the shoulders of the slave, your smile of incredulity gives way to an expression of pity, and you are tempted to ask if those sinewy machines may not THINK, and some day rise, and topple down the mighty fabric which is to be reared on their backs!

Among the 'peculiar institutions' of the South are its inns. I do not refer to those pinchbeck, imitation St. Nicholas establishments which flourish in the larger cities, but to those home-made affairs, noted for hog and hominy, corn-cake and waffles, which crop out here and there in the smaller towns, the natural growth of Southern life and institutions. A model of its class is the one at Georgetown. Hog, hominy and corn-cake for breakfast; waffles, hog and hominy for dinner; and hog, hominy and corn-cake for supper—and such corn-cake, baked in the ashes of the hearth, a plentiful supply of the grayish condiment still clinging to it!—is its never-varying bill of fare. I endured this for a day, *how*, has ever since been a mystery to me, but when night came my experiences were indescribable. Retiring early, to get the rest needed to fit me for the long ride of the morrow, I soon realized that 'there is no rest for the wicked,' none, at least, for sinners at the South. Scarcely had my head touched the pillow when I was besieged by an army of red-coated secessionists, who set upon me without mercy. I withstood the assault manfully, till 'bleeding at every pore,' when slowly and sorrowfully I beat a retreat. Ten thousand to one is greater odds than the gallant Anderson encountered at Sumter. Yet I determined not to abandon the field. Placing three chairs in a row, I mounted upon them, and in that seemingly impregnable position hurled defiance at the enemy, in the words of Scott, (slightly altered to suit the occasion:)

'Come one, come all, these chairs shall fly  
From their firm base as soon as I.'

My exultation was, however, of short duration. Soon the persistent foe, scaling my entrenchments, returned to the assault with redoubled vigor, and in utter despair I finally fled. Groping my way through the hall, and out of the street-door, I departed. The Sable Brother—alias the Son of Ham—alias the Image of God carved in Ebony—alias the Oppressed Type—alias the Contraband—alias the Irrepressible Nigger—alias the Chattel—alias the Darky—alias the Cullud Pusson—alias the Great Cause—alias the Goose, had informed me that I should find the Big Bugs at that hotel. I had found them.

The ancient town boasts no public conveyance, except a one-horse gig that takes the mail in tri-weekly trips to Charleston. That vehicle, which appeared to have been originally used by some New-England doctor, during the early part of the past century, had but one seat, and besides, was not going the way I desired to take, so I was forced to seek a conveyance at a livery-stable. At

the only livery establishment in the place, kept as I learned by a 'cullud pusson,' who, though a slave, owns a stud of horses that might, among a people more *movingly* inclined, yield a respectable income, I found what I wanted, a light Newark buggy, and a spanking gray. Provided with these, and a ducky driver, who was to accompany me to my destination, and return alone, I started. A trip of seventy miles is something of an undertaking in 'them diggins,' and quite a crowd gathered around to witness our departure, not a soul of whom, I will wager, will ever hear the rumble of a stage-coach, or the whistle of a steam-car, in those sandy, deserted streets.

We soon left the village, and struck a broad open avenue, lined on either side by fine old trees, and extending in an air-line for several miles. It was skirted by broad rice-fields, and these were dotted here and there by large antiquated houses, and little collections of negro-huts. It was a week-day without work, no hands were busy in the fields, and every thing wore the aspect of Sunday. We had ridden a few miles when suddenly the road appeared to sink into a deep, broad stream, called, as the driver told me, the Black River. No appliance for crossing being at hand, or in sight, I was about concluding that some modern Moses accommodated travellers by passing them over its bed dry-shod, when a flat-boat shot out from the jungle on the opposite bank, and pulled toward us. It was made of two-inch plank, and manned by two infirm-looking darkies, with frosted wool, who seemed to need all their strength to sit upright. In that leaky craft, kept afloat by incessant bailing, we succeeded, at the end of an hour, in crossing the river. And this, be it understood, is travelling in one of the richest districts of South-Carolina!

We soon left the region of the rice-fields, and plunged into dense forests of the long-leaved pine, where for miles not a house, or any other evidence of human occupation, is to be seen. Nothing could well be more dreary than a ride through such a region, and to while away the tedium of the journey I opened a conversation with the driver, who up to that time had maintained a respectful silence.

He was a genuine native African, and a most original and interesting specimen of the *genus* darky. His thin, close-cut lips, straight nose and European features were strangely contrasted by a skin of ebon blackness, and there was a quiet, native dignity in his manner which betokened superior intelligence. His story was a strange one. When a boy, he with his mother was kidnapped by a hostile tribe, and sold to the traders at Cape Lopez, on the western coast of Africa. There, in the slave-pen, the mother died, and he, a child of seven years, was sent in a slave-ship to Cuba. At Havana, when sixteen, he attracted the notice of a South-Carolina gentleman, residing in Charleston, who bought him and took him to 'the States.' He lived as house-servant in the family of this gentleman till some five years ago, when his master died, leaving him to a daughter. This lady, a kind indulgent mistress, allowed him to 'hire his time,' and he had since carried on an 'independent business,' as porter, and doer of all-work around the wharves and streets of Georgetown. In this way he gained a comfortable living, besides paying to his mistress one hundred and fifty dollars a year for the privilege of earning his own support.

He was in every way a remarkable negro, and my two days' ride with him banished from my mind all doubt as to the capacity of the black for freedom, and all question of the disposition of the slave to strike off his chains when the favorable moment arrives. From him I learned that the blacks, though pretending ignorance, are fully acquainted with the questions at issue in the pending contest. He expressed the opinion, that war would come in consequence of the stand South-Carolina had taken; and when I said to him: 'But if it comes you will be no better off. It will end in a compromise, and leave you where you are.' He answered: 'No, massa, 't wont do dat. De South will fight hard, and de North will get de blood up, and come down here, and wipe dem out, and den do away wid de *cause* of all de trubble — and dat is de nigga.'

'But,' I said, 'perhaps the South will drive back the North; as you say, they will fight hard.'

'Dat dey will, massa, dey am the fightin' sort, but dey can't whip de North, 'cause you see dey 'll fight wid only one hand. When dey fight de North wid de right hand, dey 'll have to hold de nigga wid de left.'

'But,' I replied, 'the blacks won't rise; most of you have kind masters and fare well.'

'All true, Massa, but dat an't freedom, and black man love freedom as much as de white. The same blessed Lord made dem both, and HE made dem all alike, excep de skin. De blacks have strong hands, and when de day comes you 'll see dey have heads too!'

Much other conversation, showing a great degree of intelligence on his part, passed between us. In answer to my question if he had a family, he said: 'No. None of my blood shall ever be a slave! Ole Massa flog me and threaten to kill me 'cause I would n't marry; but I told him to kill, dat 't would be more his loss dan mine.'

I asked if the negroes generally felt as he did, and he told me that many did; that nearly all would fight for their freedom if they had the opportunity, though some preferred slavery because they were sure of being cared for when infirm, not considering that if their labor, while they were strong, made their masters rich, the same labor would provide for *them* against old age. He told me that in the *district* of Georgetown there are twenty thousand negroes, and not more than two thousand whites, and 'Suppose,' he said, 'dat one quarter of dese niggas should rise — de rest would keep still — whar den would de white folks be?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'they would be taken at a disadvantage; but it would not be long before aid from Charleston and other places came, and you would be overpowered.'

'No, Massa,' he replied, 'de chivarly, as you call dem, would be off in Virginny, and we could soon get aid from Massa Seward, who could land troops enough in Georgetown to chaw up de whole State in less dan no time.'

'But you have no leaders,' I said, 'no one to direct the movement. The negro is not a match for the white man in generalship, and without generals, whatever your numbers, you would fare hardly.'

To this he replied, an elevated enthusiasm lighting up his face, 'De Lord, Massa, made generals of Gideon and David, and de black man know as much 'bout war as dey did; besides,' he added, with a quiet humor, 'de black man *am* equal to de white. I know most of de great men, such as Washington and John and James and Paul and Deuteronomy and dem old fellers were white, but dere was Two Sand and Nigga Demus (Nicodemus,) dey were black.'

That was a knock-down argument, and I could say nothing. If the day which sees the rising of the Southern blacks comes to this generation, that negro will be among the leaders. He sang to me several of the songs current among the darkies of the district, and though of little poetic value, they interested me much, as indicating the feelings animating the slaves. The blacks are a musical race, and the readiness with which many of them improvise words and melody is wonderful; but I had met none possessing the readiness of my new acquaintance. Several of the tunes he repeated several times, and each time with a new accompaniment of words. I will try to render a few of these songs into as good negro lingo as I am master of, but I cannot hope to convey the indescribable humor and pathos which my darky friend throw into them, and which made our long, solitary ride through those dreary pine-barrens pass rapidly and pleasantly away. The first refers to an old darky who had been transplanted from the cotton-fields of 'old Virginny' to the rice-swamps of Carolina, and who evidently did n't like the change, but found consolation in the fact that rice is not grown on 'the other side of Jordan.'

'Come listen, all you darkies, come listen to my song,  
It am about ole Massa, who treats me bery wrong:  
In de cold, frosty mornin', it an't so bery nice,  
Wid de water to de middle to hoe among de rice;  
When I neber hab forgotten  
How I used to hoe de cotton,  
How I used to hoe de cotton,  
On de ole Virginny shore;  
But I'll neber hoe de cotton,  
Oh! neber hoe de cotton  
Any more.

'If I feel de drefful hunger, he tink it am a vice,  
And he gib me for my dinner a little broken rice,  
A little broken rice and a bery little fat—  
And he grumble like de debil if I eat too much of dat;  
When I neber hab forgotten, etc.

'He tore me from my DINAH, and I tought my heart would burst,  
He made me lub anoder when my lub was wid de first,  
He sold my picanninies because he got dar price,  
And shut me in de marsh-field to hoe among de rice;  
When I neber hab forgotten, etc.

'And all de day I hoe dar, in all de heat and rain,  
And as I hoe away dar, my heart go back again,  
Back to de little shanty dat stood among de corn,  
And to de ole plantation where she and I was born!  
Oh! I wish I had forgotten, etc.

'Den DINAH am beside me, de children on my knee,  
And dough I am a slave dar, it 'pears to me I 'm free,  
Till I wake up from my dreaming, and wife and children gone,  
I hoe away and weep dar, and weep dar all alone!  
Oh! I wish I had forgotten, etc.

‘But soon a day am coming, a day I long to see,  
 Where dis darkey in de cold ground, foreber will be free,  
 When wife and children wid me, I’ll sing in Paradise,  
 How He, de blessed Jesus, hab bought me wid a price;  
     How de LORD hab not forgotten  
     How well I hoed de cotton,  
     How well I hoed de cotton  
         On de old Virginny shore;  
 Dar I’ll neber hoe de cotton,  
 Oh! neber hoe de cotton  
     Any more.’

The politics of the following are not exactly those of the rulers at Washington, but a few more Bull Runs may bring us all ‘to this complexion at last:’

‘HARK! darkies, hark! it am de drum  
 Dat calls ole Massa ’way from hum,  
 Wid powder-pouch and loaded gun,  
 To drive ole ABE from Washington;  
     Oh! Massa’s gwine to Washington,  
     So clar de way to Washington —  
     Oh! won’t dis darkey hab sum fun  
     When Massa’s off to Washington!

‘Dis darkey know what Massa do;  
 He take him long to brack him shoe,  
 To brack him shoe and tote him gun,  
 When he am off to Washington.  
     Oh! Massa’s gwine to Washington,  
     So clar de way to Washington,  
     Oh! long before de morning sun  
     Ole Massa’s off to Washington!

‘Ole Massa say ole ABE will eat  
 Dis nigger, all excep de feet —  
 De feet, may be, will cut and run,  
 When Massa gets to Washington,  
     When Massa gets to Washington;  
     So clar de way to Washington —  
     Oh! won’t dis darkey cut and run  
     When Massa gets to Washington!

‘Dis nigger know ole ABE will save  
 His brudder man, de darkey slave,  
 And dat he’ll let him cut and run  
 When Massa gets to Washington,  
     When Massa gets to Washington;  
     So clar de way to Washington,  
     For ABE will let de darkies run  
     When Massa gets to Washington.’

The next is in a similar vein.

‘A STORM am brewing in de Souf,  
 A storm am brewing now,  
 Oh! hearken den and shut your mouf,  
 And I will tell you how,  
 And I will tell you how, ole boy,  
 De storm of fire will pour,  
 And make de darkies dance for joy,  
 As dey neber danced before:  
 So shut your mouf as close as death,  
 And all you niggas hole your breath,  
 And I will tell you how.



' De darkies at de Norf am ris,  
 And dey am coming down —  
 Am coming down, I know dey is,  
 To do de white folks brown!  
 Dey 'll turn ole Massa out to grass,  
 And set de niggas free,  
 And when dat day am come to pass  
 We 'll all be dar to see!  
 So shut your mouf as close as death,  
 And all you niggas hole your breath,  
 Dey 'll do de white folks brown !

' Den all de week will be as gay  
 As am de Christmas time ;  
 We 'll dance all night and all de day,  
 And make de banjo chime —  
 And make de banjo chime, I tink,  
 And pass de time away,  
 Wid 'nuf to eat and 'nuf to drink,  
 And not a dime to pay !  
 So shut your mouf as close as death,  
 And all you niggas hole your breath,  
 And make de banjo chime.

' Oh ! make de banjo chime, you nigs,  
 And sound de tamborin,  
 And shuffle now de merry jigs,  
 For Massa 's ' going in ' —  
 For Massa 's ' going in,' I know,  
 And won't he hab de shakes,  
 When Yankee darkies show him how  
 Dey cotch de rattle-snakes !\*  
 So shut your mouf as close as death,  
 And all you niggas hole your breath,  
 For Massa 's ' going in ' —  
 For Massa 's ' going in,' I know,  
 And won't he hab de shakes  
 When Yankee darkies show him how  
 Dey cotch de rattle-snakes !'

The merit of the following is TRUTH. The incident is actually, literally, *damnable* true. A system which allows such monstrous enormities must fall by the weight of its own iniquity, if not assisted down by the application of outside pressure :

' AWAY up dar in ole Virginny,  
 Oh ! many years ago,  
 When I was but a picanniny,  
 I lub'd sweet Lucy Low ;  
 I lub'd her as I lub'd my life,  
 And when I told her so,  
 She said she 'd be my own true wife,  
 My own sweet Lucy Low.  
 O Lucy ! Lucy Low !  
 Dey 've tore you from your husband's arms,  
 Dey keep you for a show,  
 Dey sell for gold your lubly charms,  
 My poor, lost Lucy Low !

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\* The emblem of South-Carolina.

' Your eyes was like de clouds of night  
 Touched by de moon-beam's glow,  
 Your skin, almost a lily white,  
 Your soul, as pure as snow,  
 Your lips as sweet as sugar-cane,  
 When first de sap do flow ;  
 But now I only tink wid pain  
 Of you, sweet Lucy Low.  
 O Lucy ! Lucy Low ! etc.

' Sad was de day de trader came,  
 De saddest day I know ;  
 He bore you to a life of shame,  
 A life of shame and woe ;  
 He made you what I cannot name,  
 My Lucy, pure as snow !  
 But though I grieve, I cannot blame  
 My poor, lost Lucy Low !  
 O Lucy ! Lucy Low ! etc.

' My breaking heart finds no relief,  
 My tears refuse to flow,  
 I 'm wearing out my life wid grief  
 For my lost Lucy Low !  
 Oh ! that you now was laid at rest  
 Below de winter's snow,  
 'T would still de trubble in your breast,  
 My poor lost Lucy Low !  
 O Lucy ! Lucy Low ! etc.

' O righteous Lord ! wilt Thou look down  
 On such great wrong and woe,  
 Nor blast de wretches wid Thy frown  
 Who gave de drefful blow  
 Dat broke two hearts, and stained a wife  
 As pure as any suow,  
 And steeped in sin the soul and life  
 Of my poor Lucy Low !  
 O Lucy ! Lucy Low !  
 De gracious Lord will sure look down,  
 In mercy on your woe,  
 And blast de wretches wid His frown  
 Who wronged you, Lucy Low !'

Poor Lucy ! The reader must not conclude that my darky acquaintance is an average specimen of his class. Far from it. Such instances of intelligence are very rare, and are never found except in the cities. There, constant intercourse with the whites renders the blacks shrewd and intelligent, but on the plantations the case is very different. The fact is, that over the whole South the plantation-slave is elevated but a little above the brute. Every avenue to knowledge is closed to him. His age, his origin, his country, his rights, are all unknown. There is his task, and he does it ; there his food, and he eats it ; but of the spirit within him, his destiny, the God who bends the blue sky above him, he knows nothing. An old negress, to whom I once read a few chapters from the BIBLE, telling her it was God's word, replied : ' Yas, Massa, it am God's word to de white folks, but not to de black. If it war, dey could read it.' The physical condition of the slave is not the real evil of the

'Institution.' His moral and intellectual degradation, which is essential to its very existence, constitutes the true argument against it. It feeds the body, but starves the soul. It blinds the reason, and shuts the mind to truth. It degrades and brutalizes the whole being, and does it purposely. In that lies its strength, and in that, too, lurks the weakness which will one day topple down this giant wrong, with a crash that will shake the continent. Let us hope the direful upheaving, which is now felt throughout the Union, is the precursor of the earthquake that will bury it forever.

The sun was wheeling below the trees which skirted the western horizon, when we halted in the main road, abreast of one of those by-paths, which every traveller at the South recognizes as leading to some planter's house. Turning our horse's head, we pursued this path for a short distance, when emerging from the pine forest, over whose sandy barrens we had ridden all the day, a broad plantation lay spread out before us. On one side was a row of perhaps forty small but neat cabins; and on the other, at the distance of about a third of a mile, a huge building, which, from the piles of timber near it, I saw was a lumber-mill. Before us was a smooth causeway, extending on for a quarter of a mile, and shaded by large live-oaks and pines, whose moss fell in graceful drapery from the gnarled branches. This led to the mansion of the proprietor, a large antique structure, exhibiting the dingy appearance which all houses near the lowlands of the South derive from the climate, but with a generous, hospitable air about its wide doors and bulky windows, that seemed to invite the traveller to the rest and shelter within. I had stopped my horse, and was absorbed in contemplation of a scene as beautiful as it was new to me, when an old negro approached, and touching his hat, said: 'Massa send his compliments to de gemman, and happy to have him spend de night at Bucksville.'

'Bucksville!' I exclaimed, 'and where is the village?'

'Dis am it, massa; and it am eight miles and a hard road to de borough,' (meaning Conwayboro, a one-horse village at which I had designed to spend the night.) 'Will de gemman please ride up to de piazza?' continued the old negro.

'Yes, uncle, and thank you,' and in a moment I had received the cordial welcome of the host, an elderly gentleman, whose easy and polished manners reminded me of the times of our grandfathers in glorious New-England. A few minutes put me on a footing of friendly familiarity with him and his family, and I soon found myself in a circle of daughters and grand-children, and as much at home as if I had been a long-expected guest.

There the reader will please allow me to remain for the present.

## THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

## I.

WHEN I wandered in the land of Art,  
 'Mid the sharp-tipped dreams, where blue Madonnas  
 Sit like butterflies upon a sun-flower,  
 Framed in fragments of the Golden Ages,  
 Oft I noted that in all cathedrals,  
 Here or there amid grotesquest carving,  
*One* quaint symbol never was forgotten —  
 Soon or later, I was sure to find it  
 Lurking somewhere in entrellised columns ;  
 Peeping strangely through a gnarling impost,  
 Always came the strange Masonic symbol  
 Of a warrior, helmeted and sworded,  
 Fighting grimly with a devil-dragon.

## II.

Good old priests have told me that the figure  
 Simply meant St. George — you know the story —  
 Great St. George, the fearful monster-killer.  
 Deeper heads will have it, 'tis a symbol,  
 Persian-old — the myth of Light and Darkness,  
 Ahriman and Ormusd fiercely fighting,  
 Ever fighting the great world-life battle.

And it *is* the fight of Light and Darkness,  
 The great fight of God against the devil :  
 The great fight of Tyranny and Freedom ;  
 Truth and Right against foul Might and Falsehood :  
 Many a thousand years the two have battled —  
 Tell me, is it an unending struggle ?

## III.

Many voices cry : ' It *is* unending ;  
 Man is damned by birth, for black transgression  
 And the lust of power are his nature,  
 Slavery, like sin, must last forever :  
 Wo unto the weaker — wo eternal ;  
 God, and Sin, and Pain, have plainly spoken,  
 And the earth will ne'er be free from bondage.'

## IV.

Let me see once more that ancient carving :  
 No ; it is not a mere balanced battle :

True the knight seems smothered by the dragon ;  
True the foul and snaky folds are round him ;  
True he gasps amid the flame and poison :  
But his blade is in the monster's vitals,  
And the grisly drake is slowly dying.

## v.

Yes, although so slowly, he *is* dying ;  
Many thousand years have fled in darkness,  
Since the sword first cut his scaly armor,  
And the red wound roused him into madness ;  
But the good knight is of race immortal —  
Ever young, and passionate, and fearless ;  
And the strength which oozes from the dragon,  
Blooms reviving in the glorious warrior.

## vi.

Ancient dragon, you are slowly dying !  
Golden warrior, ever fairer, stronger !  
Child of light, my great Prometheus-Balder,  
Dear, and beautiful, and never-fading,  
Rouse ! for now the fire-drake makes him ready  
For his maddest, fiercest, foulest struggle —  
Rouse !

O countrymen ! men of the North-land,  
All around you twines the Southern dragon,  
All your life is blent with subtle poison,  
All your veins are fired with heat infernal,  
From the loathsome devil's spume and breathing :  
Strike, my warrior, strike him dead forever !  
End the world-old strife between the oppressor  
And the oppressed : press on, for you *must* conquer !

## vii.

Now the good knight frees him from the dragon,  
Casts aside the ancient heavy armor,  
Bathes him in the purest light of heaven,  
In the intensest lucent-flowing spirit ;  
White, and beautiful, and lithe, and naked,  
Oh ! how golden-fair withouten armor !  
True, it shielded him for many ages ;  
True, it guarded him against the dragon ;  
But it always was a heavy armor,  
Girding, smothering, chafing unto bleeding  
Those fair limbs of ivory-purest beauty :  
Strange that thousands should have deemed that armor  
Was his chiefest charm, and best worth keeping ; —  
Soul of beauty, rule this world forever !

## THE ROUGH RHYMES OF REVOLUTION.

I HAVE a great sympathy for collectors. I am not collective myself — that is to say, I will not deny the possession of a half hundred weight of miscellaneities of a curiositarian description which have stuck to me as I went along — but I don't *collect*. There are men who grow moustaches, and some who are too lazy to shave.

There are autographs. I have of them some few score of a very varied character. Goethe and Chang and Eng, Aldrich and Stoddard and P. T. Barnum; Messrs. Bunsen, Monod, D'Aubigné, and Lacordaire; Harriet Wilson, Aurora Konigsmarke, and Lola Montez. A note from Bayard Taylor in sixteen lines, every line in a different language, is there, and also manuscriptive notes or paragraphs from the hands of Hugh Fitz Hugh, who, taking a hint from Leigh Hunt's Indicator, intends to favor the world shortly with a Cannabis Indicator. Likewise from Charles A. Dana and Thackeray, from Bourcicault and Grisi and Ullman, and Sontag, and the Heinefetter, Taglioni and Grau, Delmonico, Jeremy Bentham and Count Gurowski. Then I have Helmine von Chezy, George Sand and Rose Terry — and take this opportunity to inform the publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER that I have just appropriated a nice little Harriet E. Prescott which he inadvertently left lying around loose, and which I prize even as one prizeth the prizieth of treasures!

Woe is me — this is not the collection of which I should be speaking. Not exactly. In the beginning I had under hand a small collection of the kind which Cobbett once referred to when he wished to show how far human folly and waste-time could possibly go — I mean ballads political — in this case illustrative of the history of the United States. And very rough and rowdy ballads at that. Not the polished or interesting lyrics which gentlemen place in volumes — oh! no. These are of the kind of songs which are *really sung*!

First among them is a Song of the Revolution, for which I return thanks to my solid and entertaining old friend, the Boston *Saturday Express*, and which it declares was poet-ized by Shubael Wheeler, a soldier of Captain Isaac Hodge's company of Rehoboth. It was written on the back of the muster-roll of the company — says the *Express* — and is to be found among the revolutionary rolls in the office of the Secretary of State. Rude as it is, there is more than one brave, hearty old verse in it, applicable to the present time.

### AMERICAN LIBERTY.

#### A NEW SONG.

##### I.

Awake awake amarican  
Put chearful curage on  
If tyrants then shall you oppress  
Arise and Say be gone.

##### II.

O let no papest bare the Sway  
Nor tyrants ever reign  
Treat such infringements of our rights  
With resolute Disdain.



## III.

Yet we will loyal Subjects be  
To any Loyal King  
and in defence of Such a prince  
Spend evry preshus thing

## IV.

But when our prince a tyrant grows  
and parliments grows worse  
New ingland blod will never bere  
Their ignominious curse.

## V.

Then let Lord north and hawcheson  
And barnard do their worst  
Their hatred names thru every age  
For ever Shall be curss.

## VI.

But mortal can nevr exprest  
the grace that Shall descend  
upon the head of every one  
Who prove new england friend.

## VII.

The navis do around us ly  
The troops invade our Land  
Yet we will defend our liberty  
As long as we can stand.

## VIII.

Tho fiting be our best address  
we will bravely let them no  
that we will fight with all our might  
before our rights Shall go.

## IX.

All for the sake of Liberty  
Our Fathers furst came here  
and hunger underwent and cold  
and hardships most Severe.

## X.

Then let no haughty tyrants think  
Weere such a wretched brood  
as to give up that liberty  
our fathers bought with blod.

## XI.

We gladly will concent to peace  
on reason able tarms  
our liberty once well Secured  
we will lay down our arms.

## XII.

But never will resign those rights  
our fathers purchest so  
whilst any of their noble blood  
with in our vanes does flow.

## XIII.

Domestick enimes we have  
almost in avry town  
Whoes names to unborn ages  
Be all ways handed Down.

## XIV.

With infamy dis honour yoke  
Shall Sink them in dis grace  
amongst the Son of Liberty  
Till time it Self Shall cease.

## XV.

unite unite amaricans  
with purse with heart and hand  
divided we Shall Surely fall  
united we Shall Stand

## XVI.

And let our hearts be all as one  
And all our veins be free  
To fight and rather bleed and dy  
then Lose our Liberty.

## XVII.

Then cum o brave amaricans  
Let Drink a loyal bole  
may the dear Sound of liberty  
Sink deep in every Sole.

## XVIII.

here's helth to north america  
And all her noble boys  
their Liberty and property  
And all that She enjoys.

So you see by that, reader, that the memory of the Puritan fathers was no small incitement in the early day. Should we who have not only Puritan, but Revolutionary — yea, and 'Last War' memories, be less forward in the good cause?

A long leap and we come to a song of the present day. Take off your hats — clear the kitchen — for the South-Carolina Gentleman approaches, as set forth in the latest Park paling ballad :

## SOUTH-CAROLINA GENTLEMAN.

Air. — The Fine Old English Gentleman.

Dowx in a small Palmetto State the curious ones may find,  
A ripping, tearing gentleman of an uncommon kind,  
A staggering, swaggering sort of chap who takes his whiskey straight,  
And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate vengeance which a clergy-  
man of high standing has assured must be a sinner's fate.  
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

You trace his genealogy and not far back you'll see,  
A most undoubted octoroon or mayhap a mustee,  
And if you note the shaggy locks that cluster on his brow,  
You'll find that every other hair is varied with a kink that seldom denotes pure  
Caucasian blood, but on the contrary betrays an admixture with a race  
not particularly popular now.  
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

He always wears a full-dress coat, pre-Adamite in cut,  
With waist-coat of the loudest style through which his ruffles jut,  
Six breast-pins deck his horrid front and on his fingers shine,  
Whole invoices of diamond rings which would hardly pass muster with the  
Original Jacobs in Chatham street for jewels gen-u-ine.  
This South-Carolina gentleman one of the present time.

He chews tobacco by the pound and spits upon the floor,  
If there is not a box of sand behind the nearest door,  
And when he takes his weekly spree he clears a mighty track,  
Of every thing that bears the shape of whisky-skin gin and sugar brandy sour,  
peach and honey, irrepressible cock-tail rum, and gum, and luscious  
apple-jack.  
This South-Carolina gentleman one of the present time.

He takes to euchre kindly, too, and plays an awful hand,  
Especially when those he tricks his style do n't understand,  
And if he wins, why then he stoops to pocket all the stakes,  
But if he loses, then he says to the unfortunate stranger who had chanced to  
win: 'It's my opinion you are a cursed abolitionist and if you don't leave  
South-Carolina in one hour you will be hung like a dog.' But no offer to  
pay his loss he makes.  
This South-Carolina gentleman one of the present time.

Of course he's all the time in debt to those who credit gives,  
Yet manages upon the best the market yields to live,  
But if a Northern creditor asks him his bill to heed,  
This honorable gentleman instantly draws two bowie-knives and a pistol, dons a  
blue cockade, and declares that in consequence of the repeated aggressions  
of the North, and its gross violations of the Constitution, he feels that it  
would utterly degrade him to pay any debt whatever, and that in fact he  
has at last determined to SECEDE.  
This South-Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

If 'Wrigley, Publisher of Songs, Ballads, and Toy Books, Conversation,  
Age, and Small Playing Cards,' whose *imprimatur* colophons this lyric, had  
only given the author's name, Albert Pike might have known who his rival is.

But the bard of the broad-side ballad never is known. He may 'start' a song which will live for centuries — but he cannot live with it — *il faut mourir*.

The next in order has a veritable camp-analogical ring to it. I clip it from the military correspondence of the Wilmington, Delaware, *Commonwealth*. It is a true chirp from a Blue Hen's Chicken.

#### THE DELAWARE VOLUNTEERS.

Come all you young men that do intend to roam  
From the State of Delaware, a long way from home,  
Cruising down around the banks of the Southern States hi O,  
Through sweet and shady groves,  
Through the rebel States we'll ramble and we'll hang Jeff Davis, O.

There's fishes in the Delaware that's fitting for our use,  
Likewise the sugar-cane that yields to us its juice,  
There's plenty of good Union men for the Stars and Stripes, you know,  
Cruising down around the banks, etc.

Come all you young girls, and spin us some yarn,  
You can make us clothing to keep ourselves warm,  
And you can knit and spin, my girls, while we can reap and mow;  
Cruising down around, etc.

If any of them Southerners dare to come nigh,  
We'll rush into the States, and conquer or we'll die,  
We'll rush into the ranks and strike a powerful blow;  
Cruising down around, etc.

There is the chime of an older song in that Delaware chant — something recalling the blue briny, and a *real* pirate song — not a piano-forte pirate lyric. How was it?

'We met a gal-i-ant vessel, a-cruisin' on the sea;  
For mer-cy, for mer-cy, for mercy she did plea,  
But the mercy we gave her, we sunk her in the sea,  
Cruisin' down on the shore by the coast of Bar-ba-ree!'

That was the first spark of 'The Delaware Volunteers.' Let the thousand-and-one poets who are writing soldier-songs, war-songs, and camp-songs at such a scampering rate in all the newspapers of the country, take a hint from this last lyric which has in it more intrinsic evidence of real *popularity* than all that has so far appeared in print. A song for the *soldiers* — for the rank and file — must not fly too high. A good old slow, nasal tune is a fine — I may say a *very* fine — foundation. A regular old North-east tune, one of the kind which Jack intones so monotonously, and wailing boisterously when heaving the anchor:

'Oh! Sally Brown!'

Your *tune* once settled, let there be just enough of some older song in your verses to demi-semi-familiarize the auditor with the new one. It is hard to drum an entirely new song into proletarian popularity. Ninety-nine out of one hundred of all new airs — Dixie or Villikens — become common, simply

because they are a *rechauffée* of something already well known. For this reason the parody, especially in comic songs, has always enjoyed vast favor.

Apropos of which, I offer a parody of a song which has been — thanks to its doleful air — immensely beloved.

MY LOVE HE IS A ZOU-ZU ONLY NINETEEN YEARS OLD.

My love is a Zou-Zu so gallant and bold,  
He's rough and he's handsome, scarce nineteen years old,  
To show off in Washington, he has left his own dear,  
And my heart is a-breaking because he's not here.

CHORUS.

For his spirit was brave; it was fierce to behold,  
In a young man bred a Zou-Zu only nineteen years old.

His parents taught him to be a Cavalier,  
But the life of a Zou-Zu he much did prefer;  
For his heart's with his Country in right or in wrong,  
And in Richmond with Farnham he'll be afore long.

CHORUS. — For his spirit, etc.

My fond heart is beating for him constantly,  
But I fear his affections may waver from me;  
For a sweet-heart can be found in each State, I am told,  
By a young man, a Zou-Zu, only nineteen years old.

CHORUS. — For his spirit, etc.

And now for my Zou-Zu I grieve and repine,  
For fear that his brave heart may never be mine;  
All the wealth of Jeff Davis in cotton or gold,  
I would give for my Zou-Zu only nineteen years old.

CHORUS. — For his spirit, etc.

Nextly, I commend, not on account of any poetical fitness or vim, for it hath none, being woefully like any 'fine poem' in a corner of the *Stedger*, the song which is presumed to be sung by the Wilson Zouaves. One thing is worth noting — the air to which it is sung was originally that of the Mexican *leperos*, who are in *some* respects not totally unlike Billy's men — albeit they lack their 'clear game devil spirit. Do you recall the tune, O old soldier!

'Marchemos voluntarios,  
Al campo del honor,  
Atacar à los Yankees,  
Que vienen con Tay-lor!'

But I am outrunning my limits. Here concludeth with the song of

BILLY WILSON'S ZOUAVES.

AIR. — The plains of Mexico.

DASH on, dash on, my gallant Zouaves,  
Where dangers darkly frown;  
Let Freedom bravely nerve your arms,  
Strike every traitor down.

What though their murd'rous squadrons stand,  
In stern and fierce array,  
We'll make them feel our sweeping charge,  
And quickly clear the way.

This Union which so long hath been  
The shelt'ring home of all  
Fair Freedom's valiant, holy band,  
Shall not by traitors fall;  
But it will stand, through storm and strife,  
The home of Freedom's band,  
And naught shall cause its overthrow,  
While strength lies in our hand.

While life's bright blood shall warm our hearts,  
Our arms shall e'er be strong,  
To strike each plund'ring traitor down,  
And triumph over wrong.  
And though our bones may bleach upon  
A distant, hostile plain,  
We will be true to Liberty,  
And keep her free from stain.

Though years may roll their onward course,  
Our hands shall ne'er be staid,  
Till Freedom's land be free from strife,  
And in sweet peace arrayed.  
And now, farewell! to home and friends,  
And if we ne'er return,  
'T will be because the gallant Sixth  
All death and danger spurn.

Perhaps no war was ever more fertile in songs than the present has been. To us of the time they may seem trivial enough — but looking forward to those patient brothers — the ballad collectors who are to flourish in — say the year 2061 — who will pay gold weight for these red and blue-edged penny productions, I would counsel preservation of many in historical and other libraries. Strange to think that the day must come when they will be 'old songs.' What will this great war have become in the histories of that day?

## THE CHARGE OF THE TWENTY-SEVEN:

AT DAVIS' CREEK.

BY RICHARD KIRKE.

THE brave Lieutenant then  
 Unsheathed his ready blade,  
 And cried: 'Now, charge, my men!  
 Now, charge yon false brigade!'
   
A moment, breathless still,  
 They halted on the hill,  
 And mutely turned to HEAVEN;  
 Then on the foe,  
 Who lay below,  
 Swooped down the TWENTY-SEVEN!

They charge with fire and steel,  
 They thunder o'er the plain;  
 The rebel legions reel,  
 The ground is piled with slain;  
 The stricken foes divide,  
 Like Jordan's fearful tide,  
 Smote by the hand of HEAVEN;  
 And right and left,  
 Their ranks are cleft  
 Down by the TWENTY-SEVEN!

They are but twenty-seven,  
 The foe are thousands strong,  
 And yet their swords have riven  
 A pathway through the throng;  
 But on that crimson plain,  
 Four fearless heroes slain,  
 Have passed from earth to heaven;  
 And never more,  
 Through death and gore,  
 Will ride the TWENTY-SEVEN!

As once the prophet rose  
 On flaming coursers driven,  
 So passed they from the foes,  
 Up-borne on fire to heaven;  
 And now, to after-times,  
 Like solemn vesper chimes,  
 Their death and deeds are given;  
 And freemen long  
 In tale and song,  
 Will laud the TWENTY-SEVEN.



## REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mislike me not for my complexion,'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER TWELFTH.

It proved to be a night of adventure.

I had four avenues to traverse, and the storm coming from the north-east, drove violently in my teeth. I buttoned my over-coat about my ears, settled my hat close over my face, and presenting my head combatively to the tempest, I pushed on. I had in this way crossed from the Eighth to the Sixth Avenue, scarcely conscious of the progress made, when I struck against an object in the middle of the side-walk, and was saluted by the exclamation: 'Stop!'

Whatever alarm I experienced was immediately dissipated when I raised my head and got sight of the person who stood in my way. It was a girl, bare-headed, without cloak or shawl; perhaps sixteen years old.

Before I could question her, she exclaimed: 'Mother is dying. Won't you come, quick?'

Without a word being said, for she hurried me on too rapidly for conversation, I followed down the avenue to the next street, and turning into it, went perhaps half a block, when my companion entered a two-story wooden house, and ran rapidly up the stairs to the front-room. Here on a bed lay a woman moaning and gasping, and exhibiting symptoms resembling epilepsy.

'Do n't be frightened,' I said, 'your mother is not dying — is not going to die.'

'Are you sure of that?' said the girl.

Something in the sound of her voice strange and startling—a masculine vigor, coupled with an extraordinary maturity, caused me to turn and regard her. Large black eyes were fixed on me with a firm but unsatisfied look, as if they would say: 'Do not amuse me: I am no child. Tell me the truth.'

To these imaginary observations, rather than to the direct question I replied: 'I repeat, your mother is not dying, but evidently has had a fit of some kind. Is she subject to such attacks?'

'No!'

She looked at me almost defiantly.

I was at a loss what to say or do when I was relieved by hearing the poor woman, who had regained her consciousness, exclaim, 'Matilda.'

Matilda, with entire composure, went to the bed-side of her mother, who asked what was the matter.

I replied that I believed she had been taken suddenly ill, and her daughter in alarm ran out for aid and met me. 'And now that I am here,' I continued, 'I shall be happy if I can do any thing to relieve you.'

'Give the gentleman a chair, my daughter,' said the sick woman, for although I had shaken the snow from my hat and coat, I was still standing.

The daughter obeyed, and I sat down. Meanwhile I had glanced about the room and taken a closer look at its inmates. The appearance was that of biting poverty without squalidness or misery. The girl was very handsome and well-formed, but exhibited in her demeanor no softness — indeed, little that was feminine. When I sat down, she seated herself at the window and looked out on the storm. There was something in the expression of her face which brought back some old association, but what I could not tell. The mother was evidently a lady and possessed of natural refinement and delicacy. She explained to me that she had been very closely at work all day with the needle, and as she was getting into bed she had been seized in a most alarming manner, and was for the time insensible. When she recovered she saw me standing over her.

It was the old tale of destitution, hard work, and a final breaking-down of a naturally strong constitution. Yes, the familiar story, so much so that the novel-reader who has persevered thus far, in the belief that some extraordinary incident would yet turn up, will exclaim: 'Pshaw! how very stale and common-place this meeting a girl in the street and being conducted up a pair of stairs to a sick-room, and so-forth and so-forth. To be sure, all this is very common — would it were otherwise, but God permits one class of his creatures to fare sumptuously every day, while another class starves, and the mystery of this we may not undertake to fathom.

The poor lady seemed so nearly recovered that there was nothing to be done for her. I asked if I could render her any assistance, and if she was suffering from any pressing want. She said she was not, and regretted that I should have been taken out of my way.

There was no reason why I should stay longer, yet I felt irresistibly impelled to speak to the young girl, who maintained her seat by the window, looking fixedly out of it. I rose to depart. Then I said, turning to her:

'You see I was right, your mother will be quite well by morning.'

She assented by a nod.

'Where were you going when I met you?' I asked.

'I thought mother was dying, and I started to find somebody to come to her. I did not dare stay to see her die.' And she looked again with that expression which had touched me, and which called up a strange feeling, like the memory of a half-forgotten dream.

'I think I must call and see you to-morrow,' I said to the lady, 'for we are in the midst of a heavy storm. I reside not far from here, and I shall see if I can't be of some use to you. Pray, may I inquire your name?'

'Mrs. Hitchcock.'

'And your husband?'

'Has been dead for a long time.'

'He was ——'

'A physician; Dr. Ralph Hitchcock.'

'Who graduated at Yale College, thirty years ago?'

'Yes.'

'Who resided in Cincinnati, and died there?'

'The same.'

'And you are Ralph Hitchcock's widow?'

'I am.'

'And this young person?'

'His daughter. The only surviving of five children.'

The room swam round. Frank Hitchcock, my class-mate, my room-mate in college, my beloved friend, my cherished correspondent, so long as he lived, cut off in the flower of his life; while already acquiring fame, and laying the foundation for a grand success, death had snatched him away.

I stood oppressed with these thoughts, not speaking, not moving. Mrs. Hitchcock lay waiting calmly for some explanation. She had been too long schooled by trouble to become easily excited. Not so the daughter; she rose from her chair, came into the middle of the room, and burst into a hysterical sobbing, which was so violent that it alarmed me. I had made no explanation, but my questions showed I was well acquainted with the one whose decease had caused such a revolution in their fortunes.

After a short pause, I said: 'My dear lady, I knew your husband well: more than that, we were the best of friends. It is now late; you are just recovering from this sudden attack. I shall be sure to see you to-morrow. God bless you both!' And I came away.

Desperate as my own affairs had been, here were circumstances much more discouraging. Reader, if you yourself are unfortunately borne down by the weight of what seems a calamitous destiny, cast about for some more afflicted, and take on you the office of aid and adviser. Assume a part of their burdens, it will help to lighten your own. You will be surprised what strength you will gain beside. It is so. For thus marvellously has God established the paradox: 'There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.'

I reached home about mid-night. Alice was waiting for me, and had a cheerful fire, which glowed in happy contrast with the night out of doors. I recounted to my daughter this last adventure, and she was eager to undertake any thing which could serve to aid my new acquaintances. She exhibited an especial sympathy with the young girl, and evidently appreciated her character better than I did. After many plans advanced, rejected, and approved, we concluded to wait till I saw Mrs. Hitchcock again before deciding on any.

#### CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

SOL DOWNER was discharged the next day, on his examination before the magistrate. Mr. Storms, his counsel, having carefully investigated the case, and examined the papers, came before the judge, indignantly denouncing the men who could swear to such affidavits as those on which the warrant was granted. These affidavits were made by the head-clerk of Strauss, Bevins and Company; and by Mr. Strauss, the senior partner. To be sure, the paper which poor Downer sold to the house was forged, and the house had purchased it. These were the only truths stated by them. The head-clerk had trans-

acted the business, and although he had not transcended the line of his duty, felt it necessary, or at least thought it would be highly praiseworthy to fix the responsibility somewhere by criminating somebody. As Downer's reputation was a good deal below par, he felt it would be safe to strain a point against him. The chances were (so he reasoned) that 'Old Sol' knew something about it, and an arrest might frighten the truth out of him. This was the logical conclusion arrived at by Mr. Tompkins, head-man of the the highly respectable and well-to-do banking-house of Strauss, Bevins and Company. Thereupon he visited the counsel of that establishment, who, taking the tale as it was told him, prepared some affidavits to suit the case *as stated*. The head-man, after considerable reflection, decided in his own mind that Downer told him in answer to a question, that the makers of the note *had* assured him, Downer, that it was all right. Of course the makers had done no such thing, and swore they had not, neither had Downer said so. What he did say was, as the note was a large one, that if it was thought best he could call and get the makers to say all right, and so forth; and since the head-clerk had thought it unnecessary, he felt the more aggravated by the swindle, as people always do when they neglect any simple precaution which would have made all clear, and saved loss and trouble.

Mr. Strauss and Mr. Bevins were good men in their way, that is, for millionaires. The former was a vestryman in the most fashionable church in the city; the latter a leading elder in a church of much greater wealth, but of a different persuasion, and of less worldly pretensions. Both those gentlemen were honest, straightforward business people, quite above trick or chicanery. Neither one would hardly commit a wilful perjury to save the half of his fortunes. But Mr. Strauss reposed great trust in his confidential clerk. He had seen Downer before the desk, probably heard a word or two drop in relation to the transaction, and that was all. But the dignity of the house had been assailed by a miserable fellow, without any character; what right had he to select them for his victims, for Tompkins could not be mistaken, and Tompkins said so? He felt willing to make any proper statement which should bring the man to punishment, and clear the street of rogues; and after reading the affidavit of his clerk, the principal remarked, that it seemed quite correct. The result was, the drawing up of another affidavit by the counsel, by which Mr. Strauss, being duly sworn, deposed and said, that he was present on the occasion of Solomon Downer's coming to their establishment to offer a certain note, etc. etc., as set forth in the affidavit of his clerk, (naming him;) that he heard a portion of the conversation between said Downer and said clerk, that he had read the affidavit of the said Tompkins, and *that the facts therein stated were true*.

By which it really appeared that two respectable witnesses swore that Downer said he was told by the makers the note was all right. When the fact was, Mr. Strauss knew nothing about it! Certainly a strong case for suspicion against the poor fellow, and likely to bring him into serious difficulty, defenceless as he was, without even the shield of good character to interpose against the oath and influence of one of the most respectable bankers in New-

York. But mark the sequel. Mr. Storms, an independent, quick-witted lawyer, had fortunately known Downer and his family for many years — known and sympathised with them in their misfortunes. He started, therefore, with the absolute conviction of the innocence of his client — a tower of strength always to a professional man. He had, too, in common with the better class of advocates, very little veneration for men simply on account of their position. I was myself so much interested in the case, that I determined to be present, and accordingly was already on the spot at ten o'clock the next morning, when Mr. Strauss and Mr. Tompkins presented themselves, for it was too late the night before to go into an examination. Tompkins evidently began to feel fidgety, to say the least, when he saw his paper case was to be subjected to a critical examination, and he along with it. He had not calculated on any thing of the kind. Supposed the statement he had sworn to would just do the business, and bring the culprit to light. Doubtless he really believed Downer was implicated, but how cruel and how wanton to endeavor to consign him to perpetual infamy on mere suspicion!

As I have said, Tompkins became nervous and fidgety. Not so Mr. Strauss, who took his seat in a patronizing manner, not far from the magistrate, with the air of a man who in leaving his business was making a sacrifice for the purpose of upholding the law. Mr. Tompkins was called on.

At this juncture, Mr. Storms said he had a special reason for requesting Mr. Strauss to withdraw during the examination of his clerk.

'Me, Sir!' said the banker in astonishment.

'You, Sir,' replied Mr. Storms quietly.

'Can you suppose, Sir, that my confidential clerk or myself can have any object to serve in this affair beyond the furtherance of justice?'

'Certainly not,' answered Mr. Storms, 'and it is simply to further justice that I must ask the magistrate to request your retiring a few moments.'

The magistrate assented to the demand. Mr. Strauss, taking up his hat, walked away into the next room. A little of the starch was already taken out of him.

Tompkins meantime had somewhat recovered; he felt that the best way for him was to fortify against the anticipated onslaught by making himself up 'hard,' as the phrase is. So he stood up with a bold and rather audacious outside, which said plainly: 'Now, Sir, come on, you will find I am ready for you!'

Mr. Storms, however, was too good a tactician to assail the enemy at a point where he was expected. On the contrary, he commenced in a mild and insinuating tone; he indulged most amiably in the merest common-place questions. He sought for information about unimportant details. The amount of the note, how long to run, if the house had lately purchased much of the paper, and so on, until the examination assumed a conversational shape. In fact, one would suppose that Mr. Storms was actually helping along the case.

Mr. Tompkins was finally put quite at his ease. He was neither fidgety nor defiant.

'By the way, Mr. Tompkins,' (this was run along into the examination in a most unsuspicious manner,) 'how came you first to suspect Downer?'

'Why, because he brought us the note.'

'Of course, of course; nothing more natural. Still, you would not suspect every body who should bring what turned out to be forged paper.'

'Certainly not, if they were respectable parties, but you know a man's character will tell against him.'

'I know it. That is very true. If Downer had been differently situated, no doubt you would not have thought of him as the guilty party.'

'Why, no, Sir. We do n't suspect men of character, of course, why should we?'

'Well, we should n't.'

'This gentleman's testimony,' said Mr. Storms, 'is very clear, very honest, and explicit, such as becomes the respectable house he serves. I think that is all.'

Mr. Tompkins was delighted; the 'bitterness' of the scene was past, he had come off with flying colors and with a compliment from the man he deemed his enemy. He was about leaving to ask Mr. Strauss to step in, when Mr. Storms exclaimed:

'By the way, just one word more. I do n't know as it's of much consequence, but I think you stated in your affidavit that Downer said the makers of that note *had* told him it was all right. Is there not a trifling error here? Did he not tell you the makers doubtless *would* say it was all right? *Think a moment!*'

The whole demeanor of Mr. Storms had changed with the words, 'Think a moment.' These were not uttered in a loud, severe or bullying tone; on the contrary, in a low voice, as if it were private matter between the witness and the examiner, with a look, an action which said: 'I know all about it, and you must tell the truth.' I found myself unconsciously holding my breath.

'Very possible, Sir, that was the expression,' answered Tompkins, a little crest-fallen, 'but that makes no difference, for it shows just as conclusively his determination to mislead me.'

'Precisely. I have nothing more to ask.'

Mr. Strauss was then ushered in. Mr. Storms's manner toward the banker was entirely different from that toward the clerk. It was severe and curt and off-hand.

'You are the senior partner of the house of Strauss, Bévins and Company?'

'Yes.'

'You purchased of the prisoner such a note?' (describing it.)

'It was purchased by Mr. Tompkins with my knowledge and assent.'

'And you were present and heard all that passed between the prisoner and Tompkins in relation to the note?'

'No, indeed, I heard very little.'

'But you were present?'

'I suppose I can say I was. The prisoner was at the counter, and I was



passing up and down from my own room to the middle office, in which he stood.'

'Can you recollect a single intelligible remark the prisoner made?'

'No. I paid no attention to what was going on.'

'But, Mr. Strauss, you have sworn in your affidavit that the prisoner told Tompkins that the makers said the note was all right.'

'I beg your pardon, I have sworn to no such thing; although I do say I believe he did.'

'Never mind what you believe. You have sworn that the facts stated in Tompkins's affidavit are true.'

'And so they are, as I honestly and conscientiously believe.'

'Now, Mr. Strauss, do you know, of your own knowledge, *any thing* about this case beyond what you have just stated? Mind, I say, of your own knowledge?'

'Sir, I have never professed to know any thing about the case, except through Mr. Tompkins, who, permit me to say, has the entire confidence of our firm, and on whose statement I most implicitly rely.'

'And that is all you meant by swearing his affidavit is true?'

'All, Sir.'

The case was at an end. The banker did not 'see it,' but the Court did. The former was consequently astounded when the magistrate announced that he did not wish to examine the prisoner, not feeling willing to detain him another moment, adding that it was highly culpable to swear so carelessly to affidavits.

'I do not know, Mr. Strauss,' said Mr. Storms, addressing the banker, 'what course my client will take; but if he follows my advice, he will commence an action for false imprisonment against you without delay.'

Mr. Strauss deigned no reply, but looked highly indignant. And thereupon all parties separated.

I walked down from the 'Tombs' with Downer and his counsel. The latter expressed his opinion in no measured terms about the affair. 'These men should be punished,' he said. 'They are as much to blame for their carelessness in taking an oath as if they had intentionally committed perjury. I am speaking about Strauss. Tompkins knew he was lying. But in Strauss's case, carelessness is criminality. You must make him pay for this,' he continued, turning to Downer.

'Not I,' replied his client. 'I am too old for that sort of thing. When I was a young man, I was ready to play give and take any day, although I never was revengeful. Now, I would not cross the street to do a harm to my worst enemy. It is unprofitable business seeking how to injure another. Never shall undertake it.'

'I declare,' said Mr. Storms pleasantly, 'I think a week's sojourn in the Tombs would do you good—at least, it might take some of this nonsense out of you.'

'Do n't believe it would,' responded Downer, 'but I do n't want a trial, though. I am content with my present experience.'

'By the way,' I remarked, 'I feared you were going to let Tompkins off without bringing him to the point.'

'Oh! no,' said Mr. Storms, 'I had no such idea. But the fellow was on his guard, and I had to work cautiously. I once cross-examined a witness more than half an hour, and actually put the only question I wanted to ask by carelessly stopping him after I told him he might go, and when he had actually opened the door and was leaving the room. I did not even request him to come back to the witness-stand. I gained my end, and got the truth out of him. A dishonest witness dislikes amazingly to return to the stand, especially after he has received a thorough overhauling. His nerves are relaxed as he steps away, and it is some effort to brace them up again. A single response he reasons, can't turn the scale, and so he answers right in order to prevent more questions.'

Downer did not appear greatly interested in the conversation, and on reaching Wall-street, Mr. Storms said, 'Good morning!' and went to his own office. I told Downer that I had called at his house as he requested, and prevented any alarm there. He thanked me. 'I have lost half a day,' he said; 'I must try and make it up.' And away he darted in the direction of his own place.

I have carefully described this affair of Sol Downer, because it is what happens too frequently. Beside, my object in these papers is not only to record some prominent events in my own life, but also to endeavor to show what is really going on in a locality where I spent ten years of it. I have often heard respectable lawyers remark about a peculiar habit prevalent in our business community, namely, that individuals otherwise straightforward and honorable do not stop much to examine an affidavit they are about to make when a debt is in danger, or they have already been swindled out of it. In this way many improper arrests are made, and great injustice done, and actually *perjury committed*.

The response of a large wholesale merchant in Water-street to his attorney, who was engaged preparing his client's affidavit in an important case, unfortunately is characteristic of too many. The merchant had called on the attorney, and told him what he wanted, to wit, to arrest a certain person. As the attorney proceeded to draw up the document, he kept asking his client if he could swear to this, if he could swear to that, and so forth.

The merchant got out of patience; the questions annoyed him: 'Look here,' said he, 'just draw the affidavit like a lawyer, and I will swear to it like a man!'

He might have said, 'like a knave.'

#### CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

THE events of the previous night and the incidents of the morning had quite driven Harley and his speculative schemes out of my head. When on reaching my office I did think of them, it was with a strange repugnance. While I was engaged in what called out the true and just emotions of my nature, I felt like myself; the moment I recalled my transactions with my new acquaintance I felt unnaturally — that is the word, unnaturally. I was either cast down under a sense of a certain humiliation or buoyed up with the glittering idea of

suddenly acquired wealth. My habits as a merchant had always been so legitimate; my theory of acquisition was always so completely associated with industry and application, that I could not, at my age, reconcile myself to a speculative career. It was in vain I argued to myself, if I am fortunately possessed of a share in a valuable property or charter or privilege, and it can be disposed of so as to bring me a large return, why is that not a perfectly correct and business-like transaction? I could not say it was not; but my conscience, or rather the severe habit of a long and correct business life, said, Keep clear of all these sort of things.

And here I may as well speak of a class who form one element and a considerable one of the 'street,' I have undertaken to depict. I do not mean the class of visionaries already alluded to, nor any kind of broker, nor yet the adventurer who from time to time appears and disappears upon the stage to suit the occasion, but *par excellence* to the class speculative, to which belong Mr. Tremaine and Mr. James Algernon Harley. If the reader will run over his list of acquaintances, he will, I am sure, recognize some of this class among them. They are persons who, having failed in business, ordinarily twice or thrice, have become disgusted with trade, and are determined to take a short cut to wealth. They have generally good connections, socially and otherwise. Their wives spend a good deal of money, and do not know but that it is as easy for their husbands to furnish it as it was when they were in the wholesale business. These people are always respectable. They are in the best society. It is true a few of them were disappointed in getting tickets at the Prince's ball last year, but it was because things were not managed in the usual way, and their cards were disposed of to the presidents, cashiers and tellers of the larger banks. But generally, no such injustice is rendered to the class aforesaid. A portion confine themselves to the 'home consumption;' they watch an opportunity when a piece of property goes for half-price, and by getting an advance from a wealthy friend, manage to control it long enough to sell it again for something near its value, and so realize a handsome profit from it. Or they encounter the owner of a coal-bed in Pennsylvania or Maryland, and like Tremaine, start a company out of nothing and work off the shares; or they meet a man with a good invention, and getting the control of it, find parties who will take it up, advance what money is necessary, and allow a handsome sum from its earnings.

The operations of the other portion are more extended; they vibrate generally between London, Paris and New-York; they follow the run of the money-market, and 'put up' where it is most plentiful. From 1849 to 1854 it was a perpetual-gala day for the travelled class abroad. From the quieting of the railway crisis in England, in 1847, to the breaking out of the Russian war, in 1854, London was the favorite arena for the American speculator. No lesson of experience can teach John Bull. He is an incurable schemer. No person is so easily gulled if you will but lay the scene a good ways off. He is used to distances—India and Australia, for example. And he was completely gorged during the years just mentioned with all sorts of schemes, inventions, grants, charters, mines and patent-rights from over the water. This gave

brisk employment to the class to which Mr. James Algernon Harley belonged. The gentlemen who compose this class are *really* gentlemen. To be sure the regular man of business, who has a sure and reliable occupation, turns up his nose at them. Would not take their note for eighteen-pence, and sneers at the idea of their ever paying their debts. Herein great injustice is done them. It is true this class are generally so situated that an execution against their goods and chattels would probably reach nothing of consequence. They board at a first-class hotel, and have nothing to move when they change their lodgings, but their luggage. Still these people are in no sense dishonorable or dishonest. Sometimes, but not often—for they seldom take risks—they get swamped in a large transaction; but if they do, it is not the petty creditor who suffers. At times they are hard pressed for money, driven nearly to the wall; but something turns up to relieve them, and just as you expect to see one die out absolutely, you find him reārrayed in fresh plumage, on the top of a new and successful adventure. I repeat, these people are generally agreeable, kind-hearted, over-plausible, it is true, but well-connected, and in good society. Reader, I confess in the characters I here endeavor to depict, I have some difficulty in drawing the line between what is honest, and right, and true, and its opposite. I confess that while I have a strong conviction, that the life these people live is not the life to lead, and is such a life as I would not lead, yet there is another set of men who are to me much more repulsive. Do not start—I mean the hard-visaged, sharp-cut, angular mathematically honest man! You know such a person, and perhaps you dread his companionship as much as I. Perhaps you don't. Perhaps you are the identical man himself! A man honest not from principle, but from a cold temperament, and a right-angled conformation. A man who never violated a moral rule; who, in the language of his friends, can be trusted with untold gold. Who performs and exacts to the uttermost farthing. Who could not cheat you in accounts, because it would disturb the proportions of his ledger. Who is without an impulse, an emotion, a desire. Every thing with him is by scale and measure—this or that; all justice, no mercy; all requirement, no allowance.

Such men are always rich men, because they are eminently selfish. Selfish and successful (as the world calls success) being true alliterations. To these persons the Eastern proverb applies: 'The extreme of right is the extreme of wrong.'

To return to the class speculative. The persons of this class are pleasant companions, and generous in their expenditure, while their money lasts. If bachelors, they occupy in the favorite hotel a seat next the host,\* and are surrounded by good fellows at least five deep. The best wines are called for without stint, and the dinner is prolonged always into the evening. If married, a similar scale is indulged in, but in a different way. There are parties to attend, an opera-box, and possibly a carriage (if matters have gone right) to

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\* It is proper to state, for the benefit of the reader who resides out of New-York, that in some of the fashionable hotels (Anglice taverns) of this city, the proprietor (Anglice landlord) is accustomed to sit at the head of the bachelors' table, and by patronizing smiles and gestures manifest his approbation of those of his 'guests' who spend money most freely—decorous and praiseworthy habit this.

provide for. When things go adversely, the scene changes, an economical scale is submitted to, and they wait for another turn of the wheel. And so they manage to preserve a great deal of this life's romance — which is the true essence of life, after all — and which the treadmill man of business loses completely and forever by his iron course of existence.

The fascination which attends the labors of the class speculative is easily understood. There is a great charm in a pursuit where room is left for the imagination to have full sway. What cannot be reduced to a certainty, but is entirely subject to the calculations of a sanguine temperament, is sure to afford extraordinary pleasure and gratification; and while, after various experiences, I would avoid the career of these people, I still admit an extraordinary sympathy with them.

I beg to be distinctly understood, that in the classification I have made I do *not* include another species of the genus speculator, which also figures conspicuously in the annals of the 'street.' Those I have just described are respectable. Those I am about to describe are not. There are, by the way, other speculators, whom it is unnecessary to notice in this connection, whose transactions are ordinary and commonplace. Among them is the real-estate operator, who spends his time in changing city property into country, and then back into city, rarely touching any money, but always getting an excellent trade! the dealer in wild lands; the individuals who speculate at auctions, and so so forth, and who are honest, well-meaning people in their way. The class I now refer to is the counterfeit of the first class. A counterfeit so admirably got up that it is sure to deceive on first inspection. The appearance and habits of both are alike, so also the associates and the associations. The man of this class affects the same transactions, and boards at the same hotels. He too visits London and Paris, and is mixed with various schemes and adventures, but there is one grand distinction between the two. The counterfeit has not a particle of honesty in his composition, and he never pays his debts. To be sure, he is full of talk about honor, and honorable men — he himself, according to his own showing, *is* an honorable man. If any one presumes to doubt it, he shall insist on an explanation. I said, this sort of person never pays his debts. I am wrong, he does sometimes pay, but it is only when he thinks he can double his indebtedness in the same quarter by doing so. When he comes to town, he decides what hotel he will patronize, and generally manages to bring, or appear to bring, by arriving in their company, several respectable persons along with him, and thus, at the start, put the landlord under obligations to him. Once established, he calls on very expensive wines, and thus induces others to do the same. He frequently sends to the office for ten dollars, and tells the people to put it in the bill. He takes occasion to make a confidant of the landlord. Invites him to his room, shows him thousands and tens of thousands of dollars of fresh, alluring, bright-looking certificates of stock in a dozen different companies *about to be* launched, and explains of course, *apropos de rien*, how it takes all one's spare cash to start so many valuable enterprises, any one of which, when started, is going to give him all he wants, and he confesses himself in consequence hard-up for ready money, and

really so interests the good-natured host that he feels it would be cruel to pester his guest with weekly bills, as is customary. In short, he makes up his mind, since it is sure to be paid in the end — oh! yes, for gentlemen always pay their hotel-bills — he can afford to wait on so good a fellow, who talks so ingenuously about his situation; besides, the landlord reasons, he really is of great advantage to the house, so let him stay. This man belongs to a set of what I term picturesque rascals, who never present a straight line or plane surface, but who deal always in the curvilinear; and so far as there are grace and elegance in curves, these fellows are essentially graceful, versatile, and what I call picturesque. What is wonderful, they make few enemies. When our friend thinks it time to leave the hotel, it is because his various enterprises take him elsewhere. These enterprises have not quite yet culminated, so he gives the landlord a note at ninety days, for the sum due; insists on leaving four times that amount, in good stocks, and quits the house as a gentleman should — all right. In the same way he arranges with his tailor and his boot-maker. He manages so to put every one of these people under some species of obligation to him, through his zeal in recommending customers, or by doing them some little favor, that they can't for the life of them abuse him. Now if our gentleman was really a sanguine, enthusiastic man, who expected to succeed, and really hoped to pay one day, one could have some charity for him; but this is not so. He is a cool, calculating, adroit knave, his blood is cetaceous, not a warm impulse beats in his heart. He makes up his mind not only that the 'world owes him a living,' but it also owes him champagne, oyster-suppers, a fast horse, good dinners, the best Otard brandy, and Havana cigars; good seats at the opera and theatre, *and so forth* — a great deal being contained in that 'and so forth.' Since the world owes him these, he helps himself to them, and since the world is wide, and metropolitan cities large, with an ever-shifting population, he, with his nice discriminating qualities, collects his dues judiciously, and manages his various expedients as the Scotchman is said to get drunk — soberly and with discretion.

## CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

I AM about to touch on another topic. I was for a time undecided whether or not to carry it along with my narrative, but as it is intimately associated with my reverse of fortune, and as I desire this reverse and its consequences to be fully presented, I determine to do so. I refer to my religious feelings.

I have already mentioned that I was subject, to a considerable degree, to what I believed to be a kind of sentimental piety, springing from a desolate sense of my misfortunes and an instinctive desire to find a safe shelter from them. My good sense rejected all this as not genuine. So that I finally discarded it when it appeared, as a make-believe — a mock sentimentality born out of mere weakness under the pressure of surrounding troubles. After I had become established in my humble abode, and my mind was more calm, I began to reflect. The sacred lessons of my childhood were not lost on me; they now came up with full force. As I have already remarked, I was not what is called 'religious.' My wife was a member of the church, exemplary and good, if



mortal ever was. I myself was a believer in the truths of our holy religion. But I had never felt the need of its 'saving influence,' which clergymen tell us must be experienced in order to secure a change of heart. After I had become domesticated in our new abode, it seemed as if God was nearer to me than in the handsome house in Broadway. I frequently felt the desire to pray to HIM. But I repressed it. I could not escape from the conviction that it was a mockery to supplicate my MAKER *now*, when I had neglected to do so in the days of my prosperity. Yet I frequently felt in that little quiet home, shut out from the world and so forgotten by the world, a wish to commune with God, a desire to rise to the height of true piety — to be a good man. But, I say, I could not act on this. I dared not undertake it as a genuine performance. Place me suddenly back, with hundreds of thousands at my command, and what would become of the religious instinct? where would go those pious aspirations?

'WHEN the Devil was sick,  
The Devil a monk would be;  
When the Devil got well,  
The devil a monk was he!'

I repeated frequently to myself as I asked the question.

You see, reader, I could not afford, poor as I was and almost starving, to become a hypocrite or even a self-deceiver. I did not *dare* to trifle with subjects which concerned the GREAT future. But I did feel that PROVIDENCE would sooner or later work out in me His own purposes. There is nothing to compare with the grand Calvinistic doctrine of INDIVIDUALITY, which admits the idea that every human being is the direct and immediate subject of God's watchful regard. Working heroism out of the egotism of mortal man. In no such strong degree did I feel faith or courage. Yet I did believe out of these stormy trials I should by-and-by come purified as by fire. So I daily asked myself the question: 'If you were restored to wealth, how would you feel? what would you do?' And so long as I could not answer it, except to say I should become as I was in the former days, I knew I could not take credit for any change of feeling or purpose.

At length I began, as I thought, to gain fairer and clearer views of 'duty,' and to enjoy more of that calm spirit which is so comforting, when my acquaintance with Harley commenced. Its effect on these religious developments was unfriendly and chilling. The thoughts and emotions I was attempting to cultivate, and which were, as I was convinced, to afford me happiness and tranquillity, now gave place to feverish and disturbed ideas, until the former got to be distasteful. I asked myself why this change? Was there any thing about Harley, or what he proposed, which should in any way conflict with my sense of right and honesty; if not, why should I not yield to some of the pleasurable sensations which his presence always produced? Might it not, on the other hand, be possible that the feelings I was endeavoring to cherish were sombre, morbid, unnatural, not the result of a manly effort to do right, but developed, as I have hinted, by the depressing circumstances which encompassed me?

I shall not here answer the question, but leave the reader to trace out the response to it as the narrative proceeds.



## EMANCIPATION:

ITS INFLUENCE ON THE REBELLION AND EFFECT ON THE WHITES.

BY SINCLAIR TOUSEY.

WE are in a rebellion, or insurrection of extraordinary magnitude. Common consent attributes it to the existence of Slavery. The cause being removed, the disease dies. The removal of a dam allows the free course of the stream. Remove the dam of Slavery from the broad river of the Union, and the pure waters of Freedom will speedily wash this foul scum of Rebellion into the great gulf of the Past. Slavery, however, is, in the opinion of many well-meaning people, a *constitutional* disease, to be removed only by a remodelling of that instrument to suit the new condition of the political patient. The honest scruples of these persons must be respected. Another large class assert that the disease is not constitutional, but in violation of that law of national life, and that all our political diseases arise from such violation. The opinions of these people are also entitled to attention, and however they may differ from the former on these matters, all agree that, had there been no Slavery in the South, there would have been no rebellious attempts to overthrow the Government and extend 'the institution.' This is the common platform on which all stand, one of its planks being a desire to end this rebellion and establish peace with honor to the Government and the people. So far so good.

Another plank in this political structure is the admission that Emancipation would end the rebellion at once and effectually. The first-named parties, that is to say, those who believe that the Constitution protects Slavery, are loth to adopt this course so long as there is any possibility of otherwise crushing the rebellion, but are willing to resort to this remedy if nothing else will cure the disease. I would willingly address a few words to this class. Many of the wisest and best men whom our country has ever produced, deny most emphatically that the Constitution protects or even recognizes Slavery, but for the present purpose let it be admitted that it does both recognize and protect that institution. Now, it is a principle of law, as well as of common-sense and common justice, that those who violate the law, do by such acts forfeit their right to enjoy the privileges the law guarantees to those who obey its provisions. Thus murderers, burglars, forgers, or any criminals who transgress the law, forfeit their rights under it, and are deprived of their liberties, or it may be of their lives, simply because they have done unpardonable violence to the law; and any attorney who should set up the plea that his murdering or thieving client was having his legal rights interfered with by the gallows or the prison, would naturally deserve and gain the contempt of the community. Violators of law forfeit their claims to the rights guaranteed to those who obey it. If such violators continued to enjoy the same privileges in

society as those who never offend, there would be an end to all law, and civilization be extinguished. Force would take the place of order, and the weak yield to the strong. The distinguishing trait of civilization is, that the weakest member of community is, in the eye of the law, strong as the strongest; were it otherwise, there could be no civilization. The South, or those living in the Southern States, *who have by their rebellion violated the Constitution, have forfeited their claims to its protection*, and are now, in their relation to the Government, in the same position as that of a convicted criminal toward society — they have no legal or constitutional rights left them, except the right of trial, and that trial is now going on from day to day in presence of the whole world, having DEITY for the presiding Judge and humanity for the jury, and must be dealt with by Government as the law and society deal with individual criminals. They must be *punished* for their transgressions, and as these have been greater than the transgressions of any single criminal, so the punishment to be awarded must be great in proportion, and the severest that can be inflicted is to deprive them of that institution for the perpetuation of which, as their so-styled Vice-President declares, they began the rebellion. Hence we may assume that it will be right, proper, and efficacious to proclaim Emancipation throughout the rebellious States, and that such declaration will not, for the reasons above given, be any violation of the Constitution or any infringement of their legal rights.

There are many who admit the efficacy of Emancipation, but who — timid and temporizing — invariably speak of it as ‘a last resort.’ And why *last*? It is admitted that this rebellion is purely and solely the work of the slaveholders. It is also admitted that the Government would be justified in proclaiming Emancipation ‘*as a last resort*.’ Allow me to ask what is meant by this ‘*last resort*?’ If it is meant that when the Government, backed up by the people of the loyal States, shall have tried by other means to crush this rebellion, and failing in all others, then, and not till then, Emancipation is to be proclaimed — if this is what is meant by a ‘*last resort*,’ allow me to suggest that it is a most ‘lame and impotent conclusion.’ Think. It is proposed to have Government do all it can by its armies, by blockade, by non-intercourse, by stopping mails, by fines, by imprisonment, etc., and failing with all these powerful aids to crush the most wicked rebellion that ever cursed humanity, then Emancipation may be proclaimed. The proclamations of a Government thus defeated in its attempts to maintain its existence by putting down such a rebellion, would not be worth the paper they were written on. *Who would respect them?* Not those whom its armies could not conquer; not those whom its fines and imprisonment could not intimidate; not those whom it would, by proclamation, liberate. Why? Because a Government thus weak, thus unable to maintain itself by enforcing its laws, would not have the power to make its proclamations respected. If such a proclamation is to be issued at all, now is the time, while the Government is strong, or has the credit of being strong enough to make its proclamation respected.

Thus much for the scruples of the temporisers, and their willingness to use Emancipation as a ‘last resort.’ Let us now discuss a side-issue, and one

that is often urged as an objection to Emancipation. I refer to the fear that a declaration of Emancipation would inaugurate a servile insurrection, and that a second act of the St. Domingo Tragedy would be enacted in our Southern States. But why should the slaves join in insurrection, and cut their masters' throats, *in face of the fact, that the Government had proclaimed Emancipation, and would in self-defence enforce such proclamation by its armies*, just as it does and must enforce all its other acts? The Government having proclaimed these slaves free, they then become men, would be no longer 'chattels personal;' and being men, would be entitled to the rights of citizens, and consequently to protection from Government. In enforcing this protection, Government might use these freed people themselves as instruments with which to execute its decrees, while at the same time this very use of them *implies the ability of Government to control them, and thus most effectually prevent all possibility of servile insurrections on the part of the blacks*, as it is now trying to do with the more dangerous insurrection of their white masters. The true and only way forever to prevent all slave insurrections is to have no slaves to rise.

There were no unusual or improper excitements when Emancipation took effect in the British West-Indies. There would be none here. As the hour drew near that was to set thousands of human beings free and transform them from mere chattels to human beings, every breath grew shorter, every pulse beat quicker, and every ear listened with intense eagerness to catch the first sound of that bell that was to proclaim 'LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF,' and when its last echoes died away in the valleys of those beautiful islands, there arose such a shout of joy as never before found vent from human lips. So would it be in our own South. Emancipation never begot insurrection. That is the natural offspring of Slavery.

I have thus disposed of the Insurrectionary objections, and will now consider the *conceded* rights of loyal slaveholders in the rebellious States, for it is admitted that they have rights which should be respected. Let Government lay a tax on the whole people of the Confederacy, loyal and rebellious, and collect it, when laid, at the point of the bayonet if necessary, (and this, as a matter of pecuniary economy, would be better than to carry on a long war,) and pay these loyal men for their slaves. Let the same be done with the border slave States, and thus by purchase from good citizens and by confiscation from rebellious ones, would be established UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION throughout our United States.

I have thus argued the case up to the establishment of Emancipation. I will now consider its influence as a means of crushing the rebellion. Facts warrant the assumption, that this rebellion had its origin in, and is carried on for the sole purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery. All the orators of the South, all the leaders of their public opinion, take this position; they even say that our present Constitution is good enough in every particular save one, and that one defect in that great document is, that it does not provide sufficiently for the extension, perpetuation and protection of slavery, and therefore, as they have not at the present time the *political power* to alter that instru-

ment (in accordance with its provisions) so as to suit it to their views, they resort to *physical force* and cover their States with great armies, with the avowed determination of destroying this Constitution and the Government founded on it, and thus making room for their own more perfect *Slavery-making, bondage-extending document*. This is their avowed object, patent to the world. Now, if we can by any means proper to use, put an end to this institution, will not such act put an end to this wicked rebellion? If we effectually extinguish slavery in the rebellious States, and prohibit its future introduction there, will we not establish peace? If cause precedes effect, we will most assuredly. The rebels must lay down their arms, and submit to the laws when we have deprived them of the power (I assume that we have the power to enforce our Proclamation, and if we have not, we are no longer a government) to continue the existence of their institution, and thus we shall see the positive influence of Emancipation as a means to crush the rebellion and establish peace. Let Emancipation be proclaimed, and down goes the Slaveholders' Rebellion.

Having thus established the position that Emancipation will crush out the insurrection, I will now consider its effects on the whites of both sections, South as well as North. I assume that there is a certain amount of labor to be done in the Southern States, and that the freed negroes, from experience and acclimation, are the best qualified persons to perform that labor, and would be employed to do it under a system of wages, (instead of the lash,) prices being regulated by the laws of demand and supply. These negroes being thus paid for their work, would consume more of the products of white men employed in the mechanic arts; more especially those products not absolutely necessary to life, as cheap ornaments, and those thousands of fancy articles that an uneducated people are so fond of, and which they always buy so freely in proportion to their means. But it may be said, this system of wages would enhance the cost of the products grown by the labor of these people, and this increased cost would have to be borne by the consumers of these products.

If this were true, it would be owing to the fact, that these black people free would get more for their labor than black people in bondage; and if this were so, then it would follow, that the freeing of these people would have the effect of '*levelling up*' the price of labor to a point where the poor white men of those regions could afford to do it, a condition of things not heretofore existing in any slave State, the rule there being, that the planter, who owns both capital and labor, can afford to do work cheaper than the poor white, who merely owns his labor, which he wishes to sell, and can find no market for, because he cannot work as cheap as the black slave of the capitalist. Hence it is, that there are so many of the 'poor white trash' scattered all over the South. Emancipation, according to this reasoning, (originated by the opponents of Emancipation,) would benefit the poor white most decidedly. The increased demand by the freed blacks for the products of the whites, both South and North, would add greatly to the demand for the labor of these whites, and thus Emancipation would benefit them pecuniarily, to say nothing of its removing the degradation now attached to labor in consequence of Slavery. Where there are no slaves, laboring men are respectable and respected. Where

Slavery exists, the laborer is neither. The New-England States illustrate the one condition, and the South the other. But, say some, if you emancipate the negroes they will not work; the stimulus of wages is not sufficient to induce them to labor. Well, grant that they will not. Suppose they choose to drag out a miserable, hand-to-mouth existence, as the poor whites of the South now do, and earn barely enough under the pressure of starvation to support life? What then? If they refuse to work as regularly and efficiently as heretofore, will not *their refusal make a demand for the labor of the poor whites of both sections, and thus materially help to draw off from the great cities of the North the surplus labor, now vainly seeking employment, and thus greatly benefit those laborers?* Such neglect to work by the freed negroes would have none other than a beneficial effect on the poor whites, by giving them the work that the free blacks refuse to do; but if the freed blacks go on and work industriously for wages, then their increased ability to consume would of necessity make an increased demand for the products of white men, now employed in the manufactures consumed by the blacks. Thus Emancipation, like all GOOD DEEDS, would bring its own reward.

I have thus endeavored to show that a proclamation of Emancipation would end the rebellion; that its effects would be beneficial to the whites, and if my arguments are sound, let the People, who make and unmake administrations, demand of the present Government an immediate PROCLAMATION of EMANCIPATION.

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## THE DAY NOT LOST.

BY RICHARD KIRKE.

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Do you talk of defeat,  
And despairingly say,  
That a few shattered squadrons  
Have lost us the day?

Do you talk of defeat,  
With the Right on our side?  
When the cohorts of evil,  
Our strength have defied?

Do you talk of defeat  
When a nation in arms,  
Is sounding the war-cry,  
Despite your alarms?

Do you talk of defeat  
While a God rules the world?  
Can Right from His throne  
By the evil be hurled?

No! through shadow and darkness,  
He now leads the way,  
A fire in the night,  
And a cloud in the day!

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE, Social, Political, and Military. Written for the London Times, by WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. New-York: JAMES G. GREGORY, 46 Walker-street.

DID these letters answer the expectations of the public? Are they what the world, English or American, expected from the great RUSSELL, speciallest of all special correspondents? Do they manifest that unmistakable *genius*, that unerring grasp at idiomatic truth in every form? Are they redolent of that humor which is inseparable from genius devoted to study of a people? Are they perfectly free from hackneyed observations? The answer is an unanimous negative. Had they emanated from some unknown writer, had there been no extra impulse of circumstance to force them up before the world, Mr. RUSSELL's letters might have died out in the corners of any journal, without attracting more than the certainly well-deserved comment of 'very good correspondence,' from its readers.

The general impression on the reader as to Mr. RUSSELL's impressions is, that he dislikes the North much, and the South more; although the polished manners and smooth Madeira of certain planters did on certain occasions produce a *je ne sais quoi* feeling not unlike a liking. As an honest Englishman, he hates the Institution; perceives its evil effect on the white man, and tells the truth of all errors. He is never guilty of deliberate misrepresentation, nor does he, like all other English writers on America, serve up eccentric and extravagant provincialisms as characteristic of our whole society. We believe that the originally English-coined word 'Britisher' does not occur in his epistles. But at the same time there is no genial sympathy in him with any thing American — none with either party in the present struggle. In some instances this frozen impartiality leads to downright silliness; in others to very narrow views, as when he declares that the South can never go back into the Union. Evidently the result of a declaration of Abolition by the United States Government, and the bringing of Canada down to the Virginia line, perhaps a little lower, in fact, never occurred to Mr. RUSSELL. The idea of a South *without slaves* never entered his mind. As a rule, he is neither general nor genial. He is a first-rate special correspondent in fact — just the man whom we would like to send to Paris or Berlin to describe a coronation, or to Sebastopol or — Bull Run to depict a battle. But in these letters he attempts the Herculean task of setting forth cotemporary history, and for this he is decidedly incompetent.

THE REBELLION RECORD. Edited by FRANK MOORE. Part IV. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

WHILE the Past was most interesting to readers, FRANK MOORE gave us his 'Diary to the American Revolution;' now that the Present is all-absorbing, he has turned his collective talent—no small one, by the way—to gathering up and classifying the facts, incidents and accidents of the present war, in the form of an excellent Diary of Verified Occurrences, Documents, and Narratives, and Poetry and Anecdotes, the whole set before the reader in a very attractive typographic form. Foreseeing the need of the future historian, we could certainly wish that the public would encourage Mr. MOORE to multiply the size of each number many-fold; as it is, we sincerely commend the work to all libraries whatever, as one interesting for present reading, and which will be greatly used for future reference. It is copiously illustrated with steel portraits of the leaders in the present struggle, and contains maps and diagrams of the principal battle-fields.

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THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Second Series. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

ONCE in a while a book, and with it the author, start up into a deeply loved life. Those who read *it*, read *him*, and read a great deal. Especially is this the case when the readers are not philosophically critical, æsthetically analytical. They waive the weaknesses, enjoy the dainties, and when the work, as in the present instance, is in itself full of solid moral comforts—redolent with cheerfulness, and not devoid of clear, well-digested scholarship—it is no wonder that a very great number welcome it to their tables for the day, and to their libraries for all time.

In this second volume of a work eminently characterized in the manner above described, we find fourteen chapters concerning the parson's choice, disappointment and success, Scylla and Charybdis, churchyards, summer days, screws, solitary days, Glasgow down the water, life at the water-cure, friends in council, the pulpit in Scotland, future years, and—the conclusion. In all we find the same harmless pietism, free from offensive polemics; the same quiet views of life; the same pleasant literary reminiscences, which made so many friends in the first series, and the same refined tone. To a very large circle it will be *the* book of the year.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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Letter from Mate Sloper, Esq.

*New-Brighton, Staten Island, Sept. 12, 1861.*

DEAR KNICKERBOCKER: It is greatly to be desired that the teachers and preachers of our American people should in these critical times, while urging all possible enthusiasm for the War, aid the great cause by soothing and modifying divers minor social topics which threaten, once in a while, to become of undue and greatly distracting importance.

There is a system of philosophy (do n't be frightened) which I rather admire, because its tendency is to induce its follower to regard any thing which 'turns up' as the positive of a magnet, which has also its negative — the two forming, if we can only see it, an identity, and very perfect arrangement. Its tendency is to make the thinker, like PIETRO D'ABANO of old, a *reconciler*. Let us take a case in point. Let us reconcile!

There is the squabbling between Protection and Free Trade. It is not many days since an eminently respectable and well-informed English friend informed me that any nation practically adopting Protection, thereby virtually outlawed itself in the opinion of all civilized people, and should be treated as if at war with England. On the other hand, however, are the old laws of England, which actually went still further on the other side — treating with a felon's death the breaker of certain Protective laws. Now, taking a short-cut through all the political economies and all the familiar arguments, do we not arrive at the conclusion that to perfectly carry out a general system of either Free Trade or Protection, each must borrow so largely from the other as to make a virtual Compromise or Identity? Let us see! With Free Trade or none, a government must have Revenue, which is the financial expression for all laws, regulations, and harmony. Raise your revenue in custom-houses, or on an income-tax, it will act quite as decidedly, and just the same, in the long run, on the importer and foreign manufacturer — in fact, I incline to think that the income-tax, as conducive to private economy, will be the greater check of the two on extravagance — alias 'silks, brandy, and cigars.'

'Three leading principles have we,  
An ORION's belt of stars,  
To guide the nation of the free—  
Silks, brandy, and cigars.'

'Americans, ye are not now,  
Like your old pa's and ma's:  
They gave up tea, and with it too  
Silks, brandy, and cigars.'

'But ye go on, locked fast and tight  
'Twixt French and British bars,  
Selling your birthright, and for what—  
Silks, brandy, and cigars.'

Excuse the digression. Revenue is a compromise with Protection. As for tariffs, they meet one practically every where. The Atlantic is a tariff—the tariff of transit must be paid in a thousand forms on every canal and railroad, while every broker, and shopkeeper, and clergyman, or editor preaching temperance and thrift, is a custom-house officer in disguise.

On the other hand, what exacts so much from its opposite as Protection? To encourage manufactures of many and the most important kinds, we must admit, duty free, many minor articles: say, for instance, chemicals, and in some cases the entire raw material. 'Here the fight comes in.' Who is to be preferred—wool-grower, or wool-spinner? My dear Public, sift the whole business down to facts; set one *private* interest off against another; make all allowance for war convulsions and proper times and places for protecting, and you will be astonished to find how nearly alike are this same Protection and Free Trade. Admit either to be true, and expediency will compel you, 'before you know it,' to set it aside for a season. If you want, however, a still broader principle, after admitting all this, adopt that of Protection first, for the sake of Free Trade afterward. That has been England's course.

The Credit System, and the old dispute between long credits and cash, is another of these questions which just at present demand prompt and vigorous examination on both sides, after the method above spoken of. The Credit System has built up the country, and again, after every panic, we hear that the Credit System is ruining the country. Something of a margin there! The experiences of Southern trade with large chance profits and long notes, every other note involving an extension, and every other extension a failure, have taught a good lesson, and men are minded to profit by the experiences of '57, and other hard times. But there is such a thing as over-doing temperance and total abstinence—especially on subjects who have the 'horrors'—and, if I am not very much mistaken, our New-York jobbers, and collaterally many others, have just at present the horrors, to a startling extent. The importing doctors who have turned off credit from the jobbers, as though it were a stop-cock to be managed with the turn of a finger, may find that such summary and sharp dealing will not only kill the patients but their own practice. The present troubles are founded on quite other causes than the crisis of '57. *There never was a time when credit of any and every kind was so much needed as now.* The manufacturer practically acts on this principle when he strains every nerve to keep his mills or factory going, in order to employ his operatives: why should not the importer? Mutual confidence is what the country needs just now, *on any basis.* Let the importers simply consult their ledgers; see what obligations are entered there, and ask themselves how their jobbing debtors can meet their accruing liabilities at maturity, and yet pay *cash* for their stock! 'Buy and sell;' therein lies the whole panacea for hard times; it *was* not wise to make and take risks *once*—it would be eminently wise and liberal to do so now. Allow me to quote in support of this reconciling policy the judicious illustration of 'A Chambers-street Jobber,' in the *World* of August 17:

'The importers at this moment hold a position toward the jobbers, very much like that held to the whole mercantile community by the banks in 1857 and 1861. Had those banks, in the former year, pursued the same judiciously liberal course that they did in the spring of 1861, the worst of the panic would have been prevented, and hundreds of houses would have passed triumphantly through the trials of that year, that were driven to the wall by the illiberal course pursued. It lies to-day with the importers of this city to throw out of business more than half their best customers, lose a large proportion of the money due from them, and seriously aggravate the general distress by rigidly following the new 'cash' system, or to ease the wheels of trade, secure most of their demands, and do something toward carrying the country through its present difficulties, by pursuing a more far-sighted and liberal policy.'

The Credit System, to return to our first principles, is, as compared to the old mediæval cent per cent cash system, very much like railroads as compared to stage-

coaches. Once in a while there is a smash, and a fifty-killed-catastrophe, such as stage-coaching never saw; but in the long run there are inconceivably fewer lives lost. Only the credits must not be over-done, nor the locomotives over-run. There are such things as 'busts.'

Finally, I see and hear all the while no small amount of squabbling between the old Democrats who claim that they are doing most to sustain Government and the twenty-four carat Republicans, whose lamps have been filled and burning, it may be, ever since the Philadelphia nomination of '59. Friends all, for the love of Heaven keep your political enmities down *now*, if you ever did, and grasp boldly at the truth irrespective of platform or party. Reconcile facts; and do n't quarrel over *names*, for the sake of letting a few wretched political hacks continue to play on the multitude the same old juggles and humbugs which the South for years played on the North. In its Jeffersonian birth the Democratic party was, according to the then lights of the age, the equivalent of the present Republican party, while the Opposition was conservative. In 1834-'35 Democracy was reproached with favoring the same *isms* which have since been transferred to the extreme left of their opponents. In the days of the 'silk stocking' Whigs, Abolition sidled up to Democracy. Since then there has been a gay shaking up — so very gay that it would be a hard thing to pick up a consistent 'politic' out of the shifting mass. The needs of the day call aloud for a new party — a new creed — or a *short cut to what we want, right through all platforms*. 'We are fighting for the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was,' and not for the Chicago or any other platform. If 'the Irrepressible Nigger' be an abomination and a vexation, let us have him out of the way — not on Abolition, or any other grounds save those of expediency and the strong will to conquer for the Right. My Democratic friend, and my Republican one, not less, if you were unarmed in a fight for your *LIFE* with an armed murderous adversary, would you stop to query where the six-shooter came from which some good fellow put in your way? Have you any lurking scruple of regard for your would-be murderer, and are you willing to sacrifice to that scruple your life — yes, and the whole welfare of your children? Gentlemen, many of us have those scruples, have them strongly, but we don't intend to sacrifice to them what is not in justice our own. Democrats, the Republicans have long been an unit with you in respecting the rights of labor; the 'harmony of interests' doctrine has long been bravely enforced by them; drop your nominal differences: take hold manfully for the Union, and nothing else, and sustain Government through thick and thin. Grumblers, you little realize the disaster which would ensue from a crisis and a change at Washington in these times; the jubilant yells which would arise from the South, and the encouragement which it would give to the army of DAVIS. Not *now*, come what may. Sail the old ship through the rapids first — through at all hazards — and *then*, after we get into clear water, have a reckoning if you will, and a squaring of accounts. But let us take hold with all our might *now* — boggling and quibbling at nothing — influenced by no old party catchwords, or sneers, or 'customs' — intent only on conquering the foe at all hazards. If Abolition *MEANS* are necessary to save the country, adopt them without taking Abolition principles; take the facts and drop the 'philanthropy.' We are coming to this; the whole country asks it — why not grasp it?

I am trespassing more largely than I intended on the patience of the KNICKERBOCKER, but I cannot conclude without a comment on a paragraph or two in the last letter to the *London Times*, by Mr. RUSSELL, and to which I refer as specially illustrating certain remarks recently made by me in the KNICKERBOCKER, to the effect that John Bull in his representative, remains persistently blind to the true principles involved — or rather that he is unable to see any thing more than partial and delusive portions of the whole. The remarks to which I allude are as follows:

'The contest has been variously characterized, but its material issues lie between commerce and manufactures on the one hand, and agriculture on the other; and in this region where commerce is despised, it is regarded by many as a struggle between overshot wheels and human labor as submissive as the spindles they drive. *For with all deference to Mr. SEWARD, his speeches and their plausible generalization, and to Mr. LINCOLN and the Chicago platform, it is a fallacy to style this a strife between free and slave labor.* Wherever the former can thrive, it is as sure of finding its way as water its level. There are still millions of acres open to the white agriculturist.'

Passing over the superficial manner in which Mr. RUSSELL gayly trips over the difference between agricultural and manufacturing society, without reflecting that this in a continent is simply the difference between all that is most conservative on the one hand, and most intelligent and progressive on the other, I come to that monstrous blunder, so replete with ignorance of American feelings and interests, where he declares that it is a fallacy to style this a strife between slave and free labor. Apart from long-continued, direct efforts of every description to injure the North in its commerce and manufactures by public legislation and private thievery, there is a subtle and goading warfare which has gone on for years, and which will continue to go on so long as an arrogant slaveocracy lies bound to us by the same river and sea. Mr. RUSSELL has not lived from boyhood in American cities to feel the evil effect of an insolent and assuming self-styled aristocracy, professedly vicious, provincial, and lazy, upon the unthinking youth of the North of every class and calling. The poison has permeated every where; every youth until recently, thought it rather the fast thing to admire the South—to ape purely Southern vices—to praise slavery, and be in a small though even vulgar way, a 'cavalier.' Naturally industrious, naturally inclined to dignify labor, the Northern, Middle, and Western States have been for years surcharged with this foul gentility, according to which all work is low, all laborers 'greasy mechanics.' To be sure, the prairies were open to these white niggers to work freely; but no sooner did there spring up in a new-born Western village some little wealth and respectability than in came the Southern chivalry in some form or other. We wanted this war if for nothing else than to put an end to a far more deadly one which had been going on for years—a war between free and slave labor.'

Did Mr. RUSSELL never reflect on the 'rowdies' of our Northern and Western cities, and the strongly-marked *Southern* contrast which they offer to the remaining population of their habitat? It is to *Southern* manners and influences that we owe this bowie-knife and revolver society—for the Yankee untouched by Southern influence revolts at duels, drunkenness and all rowdism whatever. And through all this terrible drawback on free white labor, morals, dignity, and progress, creeps one black cause—the *virtual opposition of Negro Labor*.

Mr. RUSSELL, depend upon it, though you may not think so, Secretary SEWARD and President LINCOLN are far better acquainted than you with the true phases of this great struggle, and with the real character of the American people.

With all respects to the KNICKERBOCKER reader, I am,

His very truly,

MACE SLOPER.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—In looking over a bundle of very old manuscripts and letters, the other morning, in search of autographic and chirographic favors for an esteemed friend in the 'Far West,' we came across a note from the then versatile and racy editor of '*The Sunday Mercury*,' the lamented SAMUEL NICHOLS, whose sudden death by a rail-road accident, several years since, will be remembered by many of our readers. It was dated twenty-two years ago, the present autumn, and was accompanied by a brief communication, modestly 'submitted for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER, if deemed worthy of a place in its pages.' Mr. NICHOLS was an Englishman, and a London Englishman, at that; but his was a liberal and catholic spirit, and he never obtruded his nationality offensively upon any one. He had returned from a visit to 'Old England,' not long before; had visited the Field of Waterloo; and he gave us several '*Extracts from the Waterloo Album*.' Understanding French perfectly, he translated felicitously, and gave us a most amusing *mélange*. Perhaps, hereafter, some wandering visitor to Manassas, Bull Run, Stone Brook, or whatever else it may be called, may find kindred and unkindred 'sentiments' expressed in some future '*Bull-Run Album*,' as are contained in the collection to which we have alluded. Let us hope, however, that before an album like this shall be half-filled, such 'snarling' animosities between two sections of a glorious common country will have been banished forever from the heart of every true American. We present a few brief excerpts:

"THIS plain, celebrated by the valor of the English, has been visited by three English travellers. They are three geese, you will say, to come so far to see the theatre where so many friends and enemies, mortally wounded, now lie confounded, and where poor NAPOLEON received a fatal blow. Our English hearts beat with pleasure; and this being the case, we hasten to bid you good night!"

'A vexed commentator added the following note:

"*Que de stupidités, hélas! Nous fournit ici la plume d'un sot Anglais!*" 'What stupidity, alas! is here exhibited, from the pen of a silly Englishman!'

'The annexed lines, written on the back of the cover to the first volume, breathe, without doubt, much liberalism:

"AVROMFORT, and his friend GASLEBOIS, have run through this book, and have shuddered to see its pages soiled with abuse. To a man *de cœur*, there is no nation.'

'But the absurd paused not for this. *Voici*, what is to be found by the side of these lines:

"Mr. BURRA, of London, writes upon this book, in the hope that his friends will remember his name. This is a very bad pen.'

'Farther on:

"TOM SERLE, an English actor, who played the principal parts at the Brussels theatre, has visited this place, with BOB ROBERTS; both have been *assez bêtes*, to feel hot, and to be tired!

'The words *assez bêtes* were underlined, and a critic makes this remark:

"*Celle est la nature de Tom Serle et de Bob Roberts.*"

'Farther on are the following lines, applied to the same personages:

"*Vilains animaux*, if you should ever attempt to get up a subscription at Brus-

sels, instead of giving any thing, I shall most certainly claim back the four francs which I was *assez bête* to pay to see you !'

'The following inscription, '*Montarge, Ali Ben 29me, année de l'Heggire 1169,*' gave rise to this annotation :

'This is a Turk, I suppose !'

'Then came this *petit morceau* of prose, dictated by that military sentiment which the French call *chauvinisme*, and written by an old soldier :

'Here I am, returned to the spot which has been the witness of the high deeds of the heroes of the Iberical peninsula. The remembrance which they recal, is of a nature to rejoice the heart of an old soldier. The task was a hard one : we had a critical position on the eighteenth of June. Poor —— ! But the fortune of war so willed it. A day will come, when I also must quit this world ; whatever may happen, I shall never be able to do so in a more honorable manner, than those brave fellows who fell on the field of battle. Oh ! if they had seen with what intrepidity the whole line charged the enemy in the evening ! Huzza !

UN OFFICIER QUI A VINGT ANS DE SERVICE.'

'The corrective of these lines is close upon them :

'O age ! reasoning and reasonable. A hundred thousand Frenchmen came here for the purpose of destroying an equal number of their fellow-beings, and of sacrificing themselves, to defend the cause of a despot, whose iron hand would never have accorded to them the advantages of a representative government. Oh ! the wisdom of our generation !

B. STEELE.'

'Lower down :

'Here was spilled the blood of the young and the brave ; here fell the hope of a father, the lover of the young maiden, and the husband of a young wife, *tendre et fidèle*. Here death was triumphant ! This earth was made drunk with human blood, and the scene of carnage of which this place was the theatre, was the work of the ambition of a single man, of *une pauvre creature humaine*, who received life and intelligence in the same way as did the most humble of the soldiers who perished for him. O men ! men !'

'Others, instead of philosophizing, turn their sympathy for the dead into a matter of speculation, by giving birth to an announcement, a sign, or an advertisement, after this fashion :

'FITZ PATTERLEY has come here to render homage to the manes of his father, who died upon the field of honor, and who was furnishing-saddler to the first regiment of dragoons. FITZ PATTERLEY has inherited the patriotism and the trade of his father ; and he continues in the practice of both, at London, Number 40, Leicester Square.'

'Underneath is this remark of a Frenchman :

'This reminds me of the following epitaph, which I read one day upon a tomb *au Père la Chaise* :

'*Ci-git N. N——, marchand mercier de la Rue St. Denis, Nombre — ; la veuve, désolée, continue le même commerce, et espere conserver la faveur public.*' 'Here lies N. N——, a haberdasher of Number —, Rue St. Denis. His afflicted widow continues to carry on the same business, and hopes for a continuance of public patronage !'

'Farther on, we read :

'IRVING BROOK, of London, has visited, for the third time, the plain of Waterloo, this 26th July, 1826. He thanks heaven that it has freed the world, by the bravery of his countrymen, of the cruellest tyrant that ever wielded a sceptre.'

'This tirade is followed by these epithets :

'*Chien d'Anglais ! Brute ! Bête !*

'Lower down, are these Anglo-Français lines :

'*Goddem, goddem, pour moi bateau à vapeur, moi partir pour Londres, les Français ménager pas nous !*'

BIPSTER ET ROSSIF.'

'Near these lines, is this phrase :

'*Benies soient les âmes des braves, qui sont morts pour sauver leur pays !*'

'Blessed be the souls of those brave men who died in the defence of their country !'

'UN HABITANT DE LONDRES.'

'Then this *vivat bachique* :

'Waterloo, Belle Alliance! Imperishable name! Huzza for old England, and the English army! Let's drink: here goes!'

'GEORGE D. CLARK, from London, who visited this place the fourteenth of September, 1838.

'M. GOUBAU, a lithographer from Brussels, expresses the sentiments which his journey to Waterloo inspired within him, thus:

'As putrefaction engenders life, and misfortune happiness, so the field of Waterloo, which saw the destruction of so many people, gave life to lithographs. I rejoice, then, at this common misfortune, or ill, as it has made my own particular happiness.

'GOUBAU.'

'Mr. GOUBAU is thus anathematized:

'Brigand, dog, hog, and egotist, of the first order! Without doubt a Flemish man.'

'It is worthy of remark, that the softer sex has been the first to renounce this exclusive spirit of patriotism. *Les femmes* have first attempted that fusion and system of alliance, subsequently accomplished by M. de TALLEYRAND. Thus have they written:

'*Je rougis de la haine et de l'orgueil des Anglais.*'

'*J'aime les Français, de tout mon cœur, et j'espère toujours vivre parmi eux; car les Anglais sont des préjugés et des bêtes.*'

'*Une Anglaise, nommée Georgiana, qui a un amant officier Français: twelfth September, 1826.*'

'*Et les Français sont des amours.*'

'I blush at the hatred and pride of the English.'

'I love the French with all my heart, and I hope I shall always live among them, for the English are full of prejudices, and are brutes.'

'An English woman, named GEORGIANA, who has a lover, a French officer: twelfth September, 1826.'

'And the French are loves.'

'One Englishman can lick three Frenchmen at once!' exclaims, in burlesque French, writing *battir* for *battre*, some cockney, scandalized at this avowal. But this explosion in no way arrests the sensibility of our *belles* compatriots. In another page are these two inscriptions:

'My soul experiences here no sentiment of pleasure or of pain. My lover, who is a Frenchman, is not with me.

MARIA TEMPLETON.'

'Then follow these two lines:

'*Je verse une larme de regret  
Sur le sort des braves Français.*'

'EMILY PAYNE, an English woman, who loves the French with all her heart. Twelfth October, 1826: now staying at St. OMER.'

'May I lose the remembrance of this fatal battle!' writes Signar CARAVILLO.

'Next come some lines in Spanish, of which the following is the sense:

'NAPOLÉON received at this place the price of his perfidious invasion of Spain. Thus perish all those who would wrong my country!'

'Farther on are these words, the imprint of a mind imbued with a sense of justice and generosity:



'I have run through this book, and I have found in it an *esprit de parti*, and of partiality, which should never be allowed to exist in well-cultivated minds. '*Honneur au courage*,' is my device, whether it be the courage of a Frenchman, a German, an Englishman, or of any other nation: honor to all those who have said, '*Le garde meurt, mais ne se rend part!*' They have as much right to celebrity as those who during one entire day, resisted a whole army. I speak of the brave Forty-Second Highlanders.

GEO. CRAYEN DE SAXE.'

But leaving these buffoonish attacks, these queer replies, questions and answers — these 'peppered commentaries' — let us not forget the *Real* of Waterloo; that immense text, that Homeric subject, that modern epic. Several years after the battle of Waterloo, WASHINGTON IRVING visited the world-renowned scene. And his reminiscences of the same, written and addressed to us, in his fair hand-of-write, are before us now. Nothing more melodious in its pure English, more picturesquely 'GEOFFREY CRAYON'-ish than the following passage ever came from his polished pen:

'*The English and the French are the two great nations of modern times most diametrically opposed, and most worthy of each other's rivalry; essentially distinct in their characters, excelling in opposing qualities, and reflecting lustre on each other by their very opposition. In nothing is this contrast more strikingly evinced than in their military conduct. For ages have they been contending, and for ages have they crowded each other's history with acts of splendid heroism. Take the Battle of Waterloo, for instance, the last and most memorable trial of their rival prowess. Nothing could surpass the brilliant daring on the one side, and the steadfast enduring on the other. The French cavalry broke like waves on the compact squares of English infantry. They were seen galloping round those serried walls of men, seeking in vain for an entrance; tossing their arms in the air, in the heat of their enthusiasm, and braving the whole front of battle. The British troops, on the other hand, forbidden to move or fire, stood firm and enduring. Their columns were ripped up by cannonry; whole rows were swept down at a shot: the survivors closed their ranks, and stood firm. In this way many columns stood through the pelting of the iron tempest without firing a shot; without any action to stir their blood, or excite their spirits. Death thinned their ranks, but could not shake their souls.*

'A beautiful instance of the quick and generous impulses to which the French are prone, is given in the case of a French cavalier, in the hottest of the action, charging furiously upon a British officer, but perceiving in the moment of assault that his adversary had lost his sword-arm, dropping the point of his sabre, and courteously riding on. Peace be with that generous warrior, whatever were his fate! If he went down in the storm of battle, with the foundering fortunes of his chieftain, may the turf of Waterloo grow green above his grave! and happier far would be the fate of such a spirit, to sink amidst the tempest, unconscious of defeat, than to survive, and mourn over the blighted laurels of his country.

'In this way the two armies fought through a long and bloody day. The French with enthusiastic valor, the English with cool, inflexible courage, until Fate, as if to leave the question of superiority still undecided between two such adversaries, brought up the Prussians to decide the fortunes of the field.

'It was several years afterward that I visited the field of Waterloo. The plough-share had been busy with its oblivious labors, and the frequent harvest had nearly obliterated the vestiges of war. Still the blackened ruins of Hougoumont stood, a monumental pile, to mark the violence of this vehement struggle. Its broken walls, pierced

by bullets, and shattered by explosions, showed the deadly strife that had taken place within; when Gaul and Briton, hemmed in between narrow walls, hand to hand and foot to foot, fought from garden to court-yard, from court-yard to chamber, with intense and concentrated rivalry. Columns of smoke turned from this vortex of battle as from a volcano; 'it was,' said my guide, 'like a little hell upon earth.' Not far off, two or three broad spots of rank, unwholesome green still marked the places where these rival warriors, after their fierce and fitful struggle, slept quietly together in the lap of their common mother earth. Over all the rest of the field, peace had resumed its sway. The thoughtless whistle of the peasant floated on the air, instead of the trumpet's clangor; the team slowly labored up the hill-side, once shaken by the hoofs of rushing squadrons; and wide fields of corn waved peacefully over the soldiers' graves, as summer seas dimple over the place where many a tall ship lies buried.'

Is not this 'beautiful exceedingly?' - - - We have a shrewd suspicion that there was a poetical partnership in the production of the following clever 'hit' at the *London Times*: and neither of the bards is unknown to our readers:

*The London Times on American Affairs.*

JOHN BULL vas a valkin' his parlor von day,  
Ha fixin' the world very much his hown way,  
Ven igstrawnary news cum from hover the sea,  
Habout the great country vot brags it is free.

Hand these vos the tidins this news it did tell,  
That great YANKEE DOODLE vos going to—vell  
That he vos a volloped by JEFFERSON D.,  
Hand no longer 'sum punkins' vos likely to be.

JOHN BULL, slyly vinkin, then sed hunto me:  
'My dear TIMES, my hold covey, go pitch hinto he;  
Let us vollop great DOODLE now ven he is down,  
Hif ve vallops him vell ve vill 'do him up brown.'

'His long-legged boots hat my 'ed he 'as 'urled,  
I'd rather not see 'em a trampin' the world;  
Hand I how him a grudge for his conduc so wile,  
In himportin shillalahs from Herin's green hile.

'I knows JEFFERSON D. is a rascally chap,  
Who goes hin for cribbin the guvurnment pap;  
That Hexeter 'All may be down upon me,  
But as JEFF 'as the COTTON I'll cotton to he.

'I cares for the blacks not a drat more nor he,  
Though on principle I goes for a settin 'em free;  
But hinterest, my cove, we must look hafter now,  
Unless principal *yields*, it are poor any how.'

So spoke JONNY BULL, so he spake hunto me,  
Hand I 'inted it slyly to JEFFERSON D.,  
Who very much pleased, rubbed his 'ands in his joy,  
Hand exclaimed: 'You're the man for my money, old boy.

'Go in, JONNY TIMES! I will feather your nest,  
Never mind if you soil it, 'tis foul at the best:  
Strange guests have been thar, but my cotton is clean,  
And a cargo is yourn, if you manage it keen.'

So I pitched hinto DOODLE like a thousan' of brick,  
May'ap it warnt prudent to do it—on tick;  
But JOHN BULL is almighty, he 'll see I am pade,  
And my cargo of cotton will brake the blockade.

## PART SECOND.

So BULL he went hin the blockade for to bust,  
The Christians they cried, and the sinners they cussed;  
There vos blowing and blusterin, and mighty parade,  
And hall to get ready to break the blockade.

Ven hall hof a sudden it come in the 'ed  
Hof a prudent hold covey who hup and 'e said:  
'Hits bad to vant cotton, but worsen by far  
His the sufferin' hand mis'ry you'll make by a war.

'There his cotton hin Hingy, Peru and Assam,  
Guayaquil and Jamaica, Canton, Surinam;  
'Arf a loaf, or 'arf cotton tight papers hi call,  
But a 'ole var hentire his the devil and hall.'

So he sent not 'is wessels hacross the broad sea,  
Vitch vos hawful 'ard lines for poor JEFFERSON D.;  
Hand wrote hunto DOODLE, 'Old hon and be true!  
And JONATHAN hanswered BULL, 'Bully for you!'

## SEQUEL BY AFTER-TIMES.

Has BULL vos a valking in London haround,  
'E found the TIMES lying hupon the cold ground,  
With a big bale hof cotton right hover 'is side:  
Says BULL: 'Hi perceive 't was by cotton he died!'

A 'Punch'-ish squib, this 'Part Second.' - - - An English weekly journal has been *Reviewing the London Directory*; a work, next to a large quarto dictionary, which we should think the least interesting, in a literary point of view. But the 'extracts' quoted by the reviewer will amuse, if not instruct. The classification of many of the names is a curious feature of the 'notice.' The critic is first struck with the names denoting color, such as BROWN, BLUE, BLACK, BLACKSTONE, BLACKWOOD, GREEN, GRAY, PINK, and WHITE; next with others expressing some comparisons of color, as LIGHT, DARK, DARKER, etc. After citing some few instances, wherein the names of color unite in interest, as BROWN and GREEN; BROWN, WHITE and BROWN, the reviewer proceeds:

'Of the names of animals we find — BUCK, BULL, BULLOCK, COW, DEAR, FOX, HARE, HART, HOG, LION, ROEBUCK, WOLF; CHICKEN, COCK, DOVE, DRAKE, DUCK, FINCH, GANDER, GOLDFINCH, GOSLIN, GULL, HAWKS, JAY, LARK, PEACOCK, WOODCOCK; CRAB, DOLPHIN, DOREY, GUDGEON, HERRING, SALMON, SEAL, WHALE; WASP.

'Of names expressive of qualities of character, there are — BLUNT, CROSS, (just the name for a bachelor,) GREEDY, IDLE, JOLLY, MANLY, NICE, NOBLE, PATIENT, (a capital name for a husband,) PRETTY, SURLY, SLOW, SHARP, SLY, SMART, and TAME.

'An odd class of names are — FUDGE, GABB, GAMMON, FRETWELL, and the like.

'Mr. SPRING, Mr. SUMMER, and Mr. WINTER, are to be found; but Mr. AUTUMN does not appear.

'A feast without food might be contrived by calling together FRESHWATER, BACON, BEER, BUTTER, CAKEBREAD, CREAM, HAM, PARSLEY, PEPPER, FIGG, and ORANGE. And especially if Messrs. EATWELL and DRINKWELL were invited to attend.

'The following group comes together in natural order: CHURCH, CHURCHYARD, PARSON, CLERK, GRAVE, SEXTON!

'EAST, WEST, NORTH, and SOUTH, might 'cross hands' in a quadrille with great propriety!

'The following should always get on in the world: Mr. SILVER, Mr. GOLD!

'In the long category of names both ANGELS and DEVILS are to be found.

'Of natural phenomena we find SNOW, RAINBOW, RAINS, DEW, FOG, FROST, GALE, FLOOD, and WIND! It would be a novelty to see them all together!

'The transposed arrangement of the Christian and the Surnames in the Directory causes the reading to appear very dull at times, thus: FRY JOSEPH, STORRE & SON; FRY HENRY, FRY GEORGE, and FRY CHARLOTTE! Again: IDLE GEORGE, IDLE JAMES, and IDLE CHARLES and SARAH! Then we have JOLLY JOHN, JOLLY JOSEPH, and JOLLY SAM; the latter keeps 'The Bank of Friendship.' To crown all, we have KING JOHN, cow-keeper; KING HENRY, umbrella-maker; and KING MARY ANN, who keeps a lodging-house.

'Of the names of countries we find — ENGLAND, FLANDERS, FRANCE, HOLLAND, IRELAND, and SCOTLAND.

'Among the fair people, we have FAIRHEAD, FAIRFOOT, FAIRBROTHER, FAIRCHILD, and FAIRBURN.

'Among the loving ones are — LOVEDAY, LOVEGROVE, LOVEJOY, LOVELACE, LOVE-LAND, LOVELOCK, and LOVERING.

'Among the good folk are — GOOD, GOODALL, GOODAY, GOODBEHERE, GOODBODY, GOODCHILD, GOODMAN, GOODSIR, GOODALE, GOODFELLOW, GOODHEART, GOODSPEED, GOODWAY, GOODWILL, GOODYEAR. Allied to these are ALLGOOD and FAULTLESS.

'Sometimes it happens that the name and trade of an individual occur in peculiar association. MR. ALEHOUSE keeps the 'King's Head;' MR. BACCHUS the 'Rising Sun;' MR. BREWER is a brewer; MR. LIQUORISH keeps the 'Ship;' MR. HOPPS is a wine-merchant; MR. DEATH is a butcher; MR. BLACK an undertaker; MR. WEDLOCK a lock-smith; MR. FIELD a land-surveyor. Although HEMP is not unsuitable for a sheriff-officer, it would have applied better to a hangman!'

There *is* something 'in a name,' after all. - - - We are pained to hear, by the arrival of the last steamer from Europe, of the sudden death, by disease of the heart, of MRS. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED. She died at Baden-Baden, on the fifth of August. She was a woman of great personal and mental attractions, which she inherited from both her parents, (the late HENRY BREVOORT, of New-York, and LAURA CARSON, of South-Carolina,) as well as of a most enchanting sweetness and gayety of disposition. In Baden she was universally loved and respected. The inhabitants and residents attended her funeral with almost regal honors; members of the Diplomatic Corps came from a distance to be present at the ceremony; and ladies of the highest aristocracy followed the procession to the grave. She was but thirty-seven years of age, and in the zenith of her matronly bloom and beauty. Her loss will be severely felt in the brilliant circles of which she was so bright an ornament. MRS. BRISTED's maiden grace and loveliness have been celebrated in verse in these pages, by the polished pen of 'JOHN WATERS,' the late HENRY CARY: and it seems but yesterday, that in company with the accomplished father, and the beautiful mother and daughter, we sat at the refined table of our admiring eulogist, and felt how just were his fervent praises. And now *all* are gone!

'So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er:  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore!'

Our readers will sympathize, as we do, with our friend and correspondent, the bereaved young husband: but for *him*, alas! he can only feel the impotency of consolation. - - - OUR old and esteemed friend DEMPSTER, the inimitable Scottish vocalist, now in England, (for the purpose, we are glad to hear, of bringing his beautiful songs before the London public,) our old  
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friend, we say, has sent us a little pamphlet-volume, entitled '*Genius and Morality of Robert Burns*.' It is a 'Lecture' or 'Eulogy,' delivered at the 'Cottage Festival' in Ayrshire, on the Twentieth-fifth of January last. The author is P. HATELY WADDELL, Minister of the Gospel at Girvan, Scotland. It is the most comprehensive and eloquent exposition and defence of BURNS that we have ever encountered: and we rejoice that a Scottish clergyman, of a class renownedly 'strict,' should have 'spoken his mind' so freely. We marked many eloquent passages as we read, but can find space only for the subjoined: beginning with one which sufficiently establishes the high estimate in which the genius of the 'Peasant-Bard' is held by the reverend author:

'ROBERT BURNS is to be ranked as near to SHAKESPEARE as a purely lyric poet can be to a great dramatist—to the greatest dramatist, in fact, of the world. In the vitality peculiar to lyric composition, he is even superior to SHAKESPEARE; in universality and dramatic power alone, he is inferior. He is essentially a different man from both MILTON and HOMER; but in his own peculiar sphere of poetry he is abreast of all three. Whatever they were, he, *par eminence*, is the impassioned athlete of the soul; the spiritual melodist and humorist; the immortal wrestler with grief and joy, with love and pity, with madness and folly—yea, with shame and with remorse; who challenges and scorns competition with the whole world, soaring aloft in an atmosphere of genial frenzy, sympathy, and strength; the very foremost lyric man since the days of DAVID. SHAKESPEARE and HOMER, to him, were companions, not rivals; he does not want any pity of ours—any consolatory compliments; and would not feel in the slightest degree obliged to us for the most liberal allowance. To come a little closer, he takes the right-hand of GOETHE, and is far before LORD BYRON. In the second place, with respect to the Scottish language in which he wrote, it is not a mere dialect, as the vast multitude of untranslatable, that is, strictly original terms, to be found in it, sufficiently proves; not a mere dialect, but a tongue cognate with the English; proper and peculiar to a race of men who are brothers, and were long enemies of the English—the oldest and only invincible enemies they ever had. The Scottish language is not a dialect of the English, but a dialect of the Teutonic, even as the English itself is; both having been modified, softened, and enriched from other sources, especially from the Latin, from the French, and from the Celtic. The introduction and influence of the Celtic is easily accounted for, both in England and in Scotland; it is, in fact, the old red sand-stone of the language, where all its curiosities are imbedded, and on which the superincumbent layer of modern Saxon rests. Every where, like Druidical remains and the foundations of strongholds, it crops and shines out imperishable, among the cultivated green fields, and flower-gardens, and waving woods of popular phraseology, to remind us that our fore-fathers were the aboriginal tenants of the soil—demon-worshippers, painted savages, brethren of CARACTACUS and FINGAL.'

The following, to our conception, has all the terseness and energy of the best passages of CARLYLE:

'No man then living, it is true, could cope with him in brilliancy, or delicacy, or richness of conversational power; in a certain fascinating witchery of talk, for amusement or for triumph, in any society, from the Free Mason's lodge to the highest aristocratic circle; yet it was rather foreign than otherwise for him to use pomatum or to appear in spangles: and although superior to thousands of the fashionable and would-be literary folks who crowded around him, like a new wood-land deity in periwig and velvet, and might esteem a word from his lips, or a glance from his eye, as favors from APOLLO, even in that disguise; he is never judged, nor even seen to more disadvantage, than

when thus presented to us in court attire. He is ever most courtly, most exquisitely refined and polished, most dignified and imposing, when at home; in the fields, or at the fire-side, solitary or social, in hodden-gray. The grand peculiarity of his genius was its undisguised and cordial nationality. Although he did speak and write occasionally for the court, and did fascinate and outshine courtiers, both in speaking and in writing, he was still the poet of the people; the singer of the multitude of his own people, the representative and laureate of the vernacular. Other Scotchmen, preëminently gifted, both poets, historians, and philosophers, had appeared before him, as we have already said; and these had all achieved renown for themselves, but not as Scotchmen; and for their country as well as themselves, but not in her native dialect, nor by the native handling of themes that were peculiar to her; and many more, in like manner, have since appeared, whom we need not now specify — all peculiarly distinguished, but all more or less identified with modern English — WALTER SCOTT foremost. BURNS alone, of all his fellow-countrymen, dared to assert the prerogatives and capabilities of the mother tongue. He discerned there elements of melody, and a vehicle of passion, and a ground-work of immortality. Hodden-gray and home-spun, in his estimation, might rival the gold and silver tissues of the purest classic fabrics; and to present this unpromising element for universal criticism in the eighteenth century, after an epoch of the most fastidious pedantry in style and composition, he devoted the energy of his whole nature. He deliberately and confidently espoused it; he determined to die for, or to exalt it. Sublime, perilous adventure! When the world had just ceased rehearsing POPE, and was anew smitten with the voluptuous elegance of THOMSON, ROBERT BURNS appeared; avowedly home-spun, confessedly hodden-gray: an unmitigated son of the soil — with the tongue of the soil; with the associations of the soil; with the sympathies and sorrows of the soil, but also with the gifts and triumphs of the soil; with the eloquence and the richness, the fertility and music of the soil — the soil of Scotland! The world for a season was dumb with incredulity. His brethren themselves, his own countrymen, and the sons of his mother, believed it not. Was that a voice? Did the rock speak? Did the earth cry out? Did the woods sing? Or have we been beguiled by witchcraft? Are we to be startled from all the proprieties of criticism by the whistle of a ploughman, and constrained to bow to hodden-gray on the highest peaks of Parnassus? Why did he not write in English? in the speech of the court? in terms that were already classic; and in a dialect that had been accepted of the Muses? The man — the fellow! Because said dialect, for the time, had been overdone; and because his mother-tongue had been neglected; and because he, ROBERT BURNS — born in home-spun, swaddled in home-spun, rocked and reared in home spun; tricked out for market and marriage, for kirk and fair, in home-spun; and, above all, recognizing in home-spun the element of his country's thrift, of his country's honest independence, of his country's indomitable strength, of his country's warmth of love and true tenderness of sympathy — had, of his own free will and deliberate election, adopted home-spun; and would raise it to the third heaven of popularity, side by side with breathing marble, or the beaten gold, in face of mankind. Heaven and his mother's sons forgive him, when he disowned that! Was not this the garment of her weaving in toil and sorrow for five hundred years? — the only garment she could weave, withal, by reason of her afflictions? This home-spun of frugal honesty, this hodden-gray of truth? Simple, unpretending, rough; but warm and true? Dyed in the wools; fast-colored; blood-red in martyrdom, or on the field of battle? Ay, and gemmed with the richest ruby drops of self-sacrificing heroism in Europe?

'Such was the aspiration, and such has been the deed of ROBERT BURNS. Not his country alone, but the world has adjudged him victorious. Foremost in the van of all



social progress is this singer and psalmist of the people, who despised not, nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; this prophet in home-spun, with the leathern girdle of intellectual manhood on his loins. His image, like a star, shines on every helm in the hosts of industry; and his voice sounds in every ear, above the din of factories, and the ring of hammers, and the echoes of the dreary mine, and the howling, uncultivated storm-wastes of the distant wilderness. SCOTT, CAMPBELL, BYRON, SHELLEY, WORDSWORTH, and WILSON; CHALMERS, IRVING, ANDREW THOMSON; BURKE and BROUGHAM; DICKENS, THACKERAY, CARLYLE; LOCKHART and JEFFREY; painters, preachers, poets, orators, and statesmen; soldiers and diplomatists; critics—all that have followed, have followed all with some token of reverence or of love for him; doffing hats, and lifting coronets, and lowering swords of state, before that tripod of genius where the spirit of the soil ascended fierce, and licked its very way to heaven through the atmosphere of Ayrshire.'

In reference to BURNS's unprecedented melody and force, the writer says: 'Through the chink alone of Scottish song could the sun that was in him shine at all, and it shone intensely:' and he adds:

'On themes of love and humor and pathos alone could he speak in the circumstances; and he had elected to speak singing. The river of his genius was thus dammed up, and dyked in to overflow. Through rocks of difficulty, therefore, and over all the artificial restraints of fashion, of custom, and of criticism, will it inevitably burst one day and surprise the world. Patiently, patiently, loving heart! Wisely and truly, ecstatic soul! Let the waters gather and accumulate and settle; let them purify! Wait submissively for the former and for the latter rain; for the drops from heaven that must fill the pools; for the rise of the waters, for the rush of inspiration! And then—listen all you that have ears; and you, ye deaf and dead, awake; for the sluice-bolt of melody has been drawn, and a marvel will be heard in Israel! Bright and sparkling first, tingling with animation and colored all hues of the rainbow, in the sunshine of eighteen or twenty, it issues somewhere about Kirkoswald or Tarbolton, with 'Tibby, lass,' and 'Nanny, O!' And so for a while it runs, playful, wild and jocund. As the tide of passion and of experience deepens, we have waters of a heavier volume, and sometimes of a sadder cast, tinged with pity, swollen with grief, darkened with melancholy and despair; but sweet and clear, always sweet and clear; always deep and pure; always profound, simple; truthful and transparent to the very bottom; radiant, or at least illuminated with love and genius. Where joy is not brimful, grief is; where satisfaction abounds not, sorrow does; or they are so truly mingled and blended together, that as you drink, you must taste them all. The most perfect musical ecstasies in the world of love, of joy, of pity, and of pain, are to be found among these effusions; for effusions in reality they are—out-pourings of the poetic soul of the man, through the main of song, with sufficiency and with force enough to penetrate and refresh a city! 'Of a' the airts the win' can blaw;' 'Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon;' 'Ye banks and braes and streams around the Castle o' Montgomery;' 'Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray, that lov'st to greet the early morn;' 'Oh! wha is she that lo'es me?' These are specimens. With the maturity of manhood, in the mean time, has come acquaintance with the world, fed by a thousand rills of observation and experience; not always pure, not always happy—for what thing not pure can be happy?—but always honest, always undisguised, even in remorse and shame. During this period, which (as we learn from biographers) was much absorbed in difficulties and temptations—at Masonic Lodges, at convivial meetings, at forgatherings in Ayr, and Mauchline, and Kilmarnock; and finally in Edinburgh and Dumfries—dangerous, and still more dangerous; with eaves-droppers, drunken parasites and nobles; we have many of the sub-



limest, and some also of the most questionable manifestations of his genius; grand overflows, with occasional storm-bursts at mid-night, of uncontrolled and perhaps of uncontrollable passion. Sun-light and heaven-light abundantly we have, as at the Cottar's fire-side worship; also torch-light, or at least, very questionable lamp-light, at unseasonable hours, in tap-rooms and in public-houses — flickering and flaming with epigrammatic, portentous levity on the face of the troubled waters; through which the man himself looks up oftentimes sorrowful, self-reproaching, sad.' . . . 'Anon, he is himself again: and we have the deep and solemn tones of pathos, as before; of admonition, of fraternal warning and rebuke; then more floods of sarcasm, more torrents of ridicule, more unmitigated satire and abuse; then touching, deep-sounding, deep-searching fables, and divine morals; plaintive recollections, tear-stirring memories and *auld langsyne*s; prayerful hopes, and aspirations, and resolutions, and contrite confessions; with noble prophecies of manhood, and sublime lifting up of the whole soul to converse with God; or the quiet, child-like resignation and fading away of every thing into the land of the leal: in which holier and happier moods, the whole surrounding landscape of his beloved Scotland — from the shaggy mountain, with its oaks and ashes, to the green mossy dell, with its quaking ferns and pale blue violets, or twinkling daisies; its very harvest-fields and lea-rigs — are all reflected prismatically, and printed off in living hues upon the face of the waters: and all this gushing stream of life — this issue of the eternal fountain; restless, vehement, profound; echoing, musical, harmonious; grand and vital; turbid and sometimes dangerous, but always true; never false, never deceitful, never treacherous; was suddenly arrested, sucked downward in its mid career; sanded, stranded, choked up, and absorbed forever in the remorseless gorge of premature death! It was like the cutting off, or swallowing up of the river Jordan, never to return again, before all the people. Lament for him, lament for him — because he is no more!

Speaking of BURNS's satirical and so-called profane or irreligious writings, the reverend author observes:

'I HAVE simply to affirm that they are *not* profane; that they are not irreligious at all. They are deliberate, straightforward, undisguised assaults, with his own peculiar weapons of offence, on the strongholds of iniquity and falsehood. In such warfare, men must fight as God equips them. They can neither choose nor change their armament. DAVID might not encounter his giant of an antagonist with shield and spear, but with a sling-stone from the brook — for so had his God appointed him. BURNS might not enter a pulpit, nor sit at a professor's desk; that would have been incompetent and profane. He was denied the artillery of doctrine, and the authority of the scribes; all heavy equipment, therefore, he abjures. But he will fight notwithstanding! The far and deadly-hitting shafts — the winged words of scornful satire, shall he from the quiver of song distribute with right good will; and with what effect they knew, among the adversaries. He was a humorist in short, and shall fight as most be- seems him. One of the most deadly humorists indeed, was he, that ever lived or fought for truth and reason. Not deadly, in the sense of devilish, like JONATHAN SWIFT — not devilish; not spiteful and vicious. No! but frank and honest, strong and cheerful; gay, masterful, and pithy; exuberant and resistless. Such was he; and it is not for us to quarrel with, but in the like genial spirit of manliness and humor, if we can, to profit by his performance.'

'A QUACK in religion, in literature, in life, or in politics, was an abomination to BURNS, and the object of his relentless persecution. But he was neither an enemy to true criticism, because he smote its hirelings; nor a dishonest man, because he lam-

pooned rogues; and why should he be branded for profane, or a blasphemer, because he exposed both hypocrites and hypocrisy? What higher morality indeed, religion or reverence, could you look for in a man that was equally compounded of love and rage? As we have already said, he did not hate and could not curse the enemies of God, like DAVID — had no authority for that; but DAVID could not chastise like him. Every satire of his was like the stocks; every lampoon like the pillory. His victims were all rogues (at least in his own belief) political, moral, or ecclesiastical; and you see them there, quaking and trembling before him — a set of intermeddling, pragmatism, busy block-heads, with custom or with law upon their side, beat on making human nature contemptible; till such a rebel rose, and stript them naked, and so dealt with them till the world roared. Such were they, under styles and titles, entirely worthy of such a fate! But the real object of his hatred and of his scorn, withering as it is, was not so much themselves, as the lie that was in them. His punishments are a bridle for the horse, a whip for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back; but his vengeance is for the falsehood or the folly that was incarnate in these. The systems of iniquity, of superstition, and of bigotry, which they represented, were what he intended to destroy; and although he seems to skip within an inch of the profane verge himself, in the levity of his persecution, it is only that he may kick and whirl and fling *them* more completely into perdition!

Much as we should like to present three or four extracts which we admired and indicated as we read, we must close with the following:

'*The great morality of BURNS, as we understand it, is to be found in the moral influence of BURNS — in the amazing impulse given by his mere words to the dormant sympathies of a whole nation. It was like a magical awakening, or resurrection from the dead; invigorating, refreshing, exhilarating, contagious, to the uttermost bounds of the empire; thrilling, and echoing like living water, from America to the Indies. The death-wrestle of the soul with skepticism, and the horrors of atheism, and the despair of spirits in prison, had been changed by the notes of a shepherd's horn into songs of deliverance. The souls of the people that had been bewitched or stupefied, that had sunk down benumbed in hopeless apathy, or rebelled indignant against hideous despotisms, were reanimated and soothed. The obscenities of VOLTAIRE and the whims of ROUSSEAU; the grave doubts of HUME, and the scandalous blasphemies of NAIGEON; the cant of hypocrites, and the torment of the damned; were all, for a season, hushed and superseded. Mankind, astonished, heard God returning and calling to them aloud in the songs of a ploughman. What a miracle was here, let whoso will consider it! Your philosophers and dogmatists at last — souls who can do nothing but worry you into acquiescence in their faith, are nowhere! When you have wearied, perplexed, or terrified yourself with their metaphysics, profane or senseless subtleties; their theories and dreams of the universe, as if men could not believe in that without them — you turn unexpectedly to ROBERT BURNS, and console yourself that there is still a MAN! You listen, you laugh, you weep, you rejoice, you believe and live with him. The long philosophic night-mare of your infidelity, of your practical irreligion, of your unconscious hypocrisy, is broken; and you start up amazed. Here is a man who raises you instantaneously to the rank and endearment of a god-like brotherhood; who carries you, as he did the profoundest philosophers themselves, and the most accomplished wits of his day, 'off your feet,' on a stream of confidential eloquence; to which you yield with all the reverence due to genius, and all the love which cordiality inspires. You forget for the moment that you are the *reader* of his works; that his lips are perhaps forever dissolved, and his deep, dark orbs eclipsed in a deeper and darker night! You seem to listen to the very tones of his musical voice, and to feel a present inspira-*

tion from his beautiful eyes. In a word, his whole heart and mind, in all the fulness of passion, sentiment and opinion, and in all the nobility of honest confidence, overflow upon you; and you are swept in a delightful dream away from the noise and bustle of a vulgar world, and the uproar and tumult of sectarian disputes, to the hallowed and beneficent seclusion of the poet's hearth. There you seem to join in his conviviality, if he is convivial, and to pledge with him; or to listen with unfeigned and reverential sympathy to the histories of his loves and disappointments. If he sketches with the pencil of humor—that inimitable pencil of his, which not even Death nor the Devil himself can defy—you seem to follow his strokes, and grasp in convulsions of laughter the hand of the departed artist; and when he rises to bid you farewell, with the beaming look and majestic air of the patriot and philosopher, you seem to attend, in the mute abstraction of admiring pupils, till you glow with his own enthusiasm, and reiterate his advice. And all this you seem to enjoy in the very midst of an age that was drifted clean over, like a barren wilderness, with the sands of an infidel philosophy; the one only good, better, and best thing available as yet for the public ear, being BLAIR'S Sermons! The spiritual history of a whole nation, in short, and of the human heart every where for five hundred years, epitomised and made vocal, is presented to you in this man—think of it what you may! Refreshing and delightful it must have been to all sympathetic souls.'

Do not these extracts fully justify the praise which we have awarded to this Lecture or Eulogy? - - - Our friend RALPH RANDOM sends us

*The Flight of 'Our own Correspondent.'*

I see him riding o'er the hill,  
Now fleeing fast and faster still;  
Now coursing o'er the dusty way,  
As if the devil were to pay,  
His pallor speaking deadly fear:  
What can the fellow think is near?

I see him coursing o'er the plain,  
Much like a frightened hurricane,  
Aroused by fiends from out its lair,  
And chased adown the summer air—  
What means the fellow's mad career?  
What can the fellow think is near?

His hair is streaming on the wind,  
His coat-tails lag a mile behind;  
He surely rides a livery horse,  
Or else he'd feel some slight remorse,  
And stay his headlong, mad career—  
What can the fellow think is near?

Who can he be whose headlong pace  
Would beat Old NICHOLAS in a race?  
Who rides to death that livery horse,  
Nor feels the least humane remorse?  
Those checkered pants and modish hat,  
Are marked enough to answer that!

It is! it is! I clearly see  
It is the famous LL.D.!  
The *Thunderer's* joy! At thundering pace  
See how he rides, with none in chase!  
He's coming from the great Bull-Run,  
And, as a Bull, has surely won!

'Won what?' you ask. Why, won the race,  
And with it, too, complete disgrace:  
He now can well *our* Panic scan,  
For he was there, and led the van:  
He frightened all our brave array:  
They fled—because he led the way!

THE notice of the demise of the late lamented Captain GEORGE H. DERBY, which we presented from a daily journal in our July number, we learn from the best authority, embodied many important errors of fact. The true history of a man so beloved, and of a writer so well known to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER as Captain DERBY, should be preserved in its pages. The subjoined, which we copy from the *Boston Post*, is brief, comprehensive, and authentic:

'CAPTAIN DERBY was born in Norfolk county, Massachusetts, and was a lineal descendant from E. H. DERBY, of Salem, who fitted out many armed ships during the war of the Revolution, and was the pioneer in opening the trade from Salem to India, China, and the Baltic. His mother was a daughter of the late Judge TOWNSEND, of Norfolk.

'Captain DERBY was noted at school for great quickness of parts. Entering West-Point, he soon attained to a prominent position in his class, graduated with honor in 1846, and was at once promoted to the office of Second Lieutenant in the ordnance.

'For his excellence as a draughtsman, he was transferred in 1847 to the Corps of Topographical Engineers.

'Severely wounded in the battle of Cerro Gordo, in 1847, he was breveted to the post of First Lieutenant 'for his gallant and meritorious conduct' on this occasion.

'He subsequently rose to the rank of Captain, and for two years past was employed by Government to erect several light-houses on the coast of Florida and Alabama.

'In the discharge of this duty he exposed himself to a sun-stroke which affected his sight, and resulted in a softening of the brain, terminating his life in the prime of manhood.

'He was alike distinguished as an officer and a writer. His wit has enlivened the whole country, and his 'Phoenixiana' has circulated from California to Maine, while his brilliant talents, genial humor and sparkling wit, endeared him both to the army and a wide circle of acquaintance.

'The country loses in him one of its most valuable and promising officers at a period when it had need of his services. His widow, a lady of St. Louis, and his children, lose in him an endeared protector.'

Captain DERBY's funeral was a forcible testimonial to his distinguished professional career, and his many virtues. We have the annexed account of his obsequies:

'THE funeral of Captain GEORGE DERBY, U.S.A., whose remains were brought to this city on Sunday, from New-York, took place at the St. GEORGE's Church, yesterday afternoon. After brief services at the residence of the wife of the deceased at Carondelet, the body was conveyed to St. GEORGE's Church, under the escort of two companies United States Regulars, Captain TOTTEN in command. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Hon. J. R. BARRET, Captain SEXTON, General SWEENEY, Captain KELTON, and Major SCOFFIELD. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. Mr. SCHUYLER, and consisted of the reading of lessons and prayer from the burial service of the Episcopal Church. The services were solemn and impressive. The troops remained outside during the service, and the beating of muffled drums, and the customary military ceremonies followed the removal of the body from the church to the hearse.

'The body was accompanied to the Bellefontaine Cemetery by a large concourse of relatives and friends. There were many who had known the deceased intimately; who

were familiar with the many genial qualities of his head and heart; and as they followed his body to its final resting-place, the regret that one of the most successful and popular of American humorists had thus been cut down in the prime of life, and in the full tide of success and usefulness, could not well be concealed.'

ONE OF 'ADAMS AND COMPANY'S Express' messengers — an observant wag, we'll be sworn, as most express messengers and rail-road conductors are — gives the following amusing account of the freaks of a boar, 'a regular snorter,' which he was 'expressing' southward, among other 'dry goods':

'HE was confined in a strong wooden cage, but 'seeing himself' in a large mirror, which was also being transported by express, he became enraged, crushed through the top of the cage, and alighting upon the floor of the car, threw himself into position, and marched sideways upon his reflection in the mirror. The first touch of his tusk broke the glass, its fractured particles then exhibiting a dozen boars in formidable battle array. Our ferocious hog then seeing that the enemy had the numbers, turned his back upon the discourteous swine, and observing me alone and defenceless, rushed upon me. I beat a hasty retreat over trunks and boxes, bumping my head against the roof of the car as I went, until I found a place where a hog larger than myself could not get. When I looked back, my anger became excited. This infernal boar would pick up way-bills in his mouth, and run about the car shaking them, as if to say that he was the messenger and that I was the hog. At length he took my receipt-book in his mouth, raised his nose, and ran sideways. I could not stand it any longer. I got hold of a pair of ice-tongs, and rushed upon him. I struck him a blow on the left eye, and he fell. I then inverted the cage upon him, and 'coerced' him, as I would have done with any other hog!'

We know of a school of scribblers who would have taken a page or two to elaborate this well-told incident; but in doing so, they would simply have spoilt it, 'to our notion.' - - - We noticed recently, in a paper upon Wit and Humor, in one of the foreign reviews, an assumption, with illustrative citations, that SYDNEY SMITH was indebted to other sources than his own imagination, for not a few of the best of his 'utterances.' But one thing is quite certain: that if SYDNEY SMITH ever *did* avail himself of the germ of another's thought, he always embellished or strengthened it, and made it every way better and more forcible than the original. Here is a single instance, which we have just met for the first time: He was contrasting, one morning, the condition of a well-paid dignitary of the English Church, and that of a poor curate: he spoke of them as the 'Right Reverend DIVES in the palace, and LAZARUS-in-orders at the gate, *doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs!*' This clerical discrepancy is an old story, but who ever exposed its injustice so forcibly before? - - - 'BILLY SHIELDS,' of Jacksonville, Florida, is a poet and patriot, if he *does* 'expand and burgeon' in a 'Secesh' region. 'He is now,' writes our obliging correspondent 'F —', 'a tenant of the county jail, for striking a man a little too hard in a row: in fact, his pugnacity has kept him in hot water for the last five years; but the recent anniversary of the Fourth of July has stimulated his patriotism, and he has 'ventilated' himself notably.' We have n't room for the whole of 'The Eagle and the Harp:' but PATRIOTISM forbid that BILLY should not at least *partially* be heard among his brother-bards in these pages:

'THEY sons of the Union unite and be Jolly,  
 For each gallant hero, by it was set free,  
 To expel wile decision, and drown melancholy,  
 And hence forth in friendship, let all men agree.  
 They put down the tea tax, which was banished for avar  
 And libertys cause, true our nation Shall rain.  
 And the rights of decision, which avar Shall persevere,  
 Its all for the Union, our Freedom and Laws,

'O Noble WASHINGTON, the star of our nation  
 Far twelve long years, he did persevere.  
 For to gain for his country, A free independence.  
 He did faithfully struggle, most hard and sincere.  
 His noble exertion and a wakenful slumbers.  
 They sons that he freed far avar shall sing.  
 In prais of our hero and Voices like thunder.  
 Its all far the Union our Freedom and Laws.

'Its on the fourth of July, all hail on next morning.  
 When libertys sons in our country did shine.  
 And freedom gave bounty, our nation a dorning.  
 Still makes us remember the year seventy six.  
 Our fetters that day the were burst asunder.  
 Which did to our country prosperity bring,  
 And did banish the evils which had us incumbert  
 It was all for the Union Our Freedom and Laws.

'Britains proud army, we made them for to yeld  
 And freedom established true out our demain.  
 Three million of heros did make them surrender,  
 And did fight far our cause, while blood in there veins.  
 So we now can contend, I am sure with each nation,  
 Since each religious sect has taken a wing.  
 For to show we are worthy, of free independence.  
 We will die for the Union Our Freedom and Laws.

'Here is to the true hearted Irish, the did boldly assist us.  
 Its to them we will be grateful untill time is no more.  
 They stud true to our colors, and bled for our freedom.  
 And fought on the seas till our battles was won.  
 What they then did seek for, was our consolation.  
 And away with ascendancy, no more for to rise.  
 They skys did resound, with blessings from heaven,  
 It was all the Union Our Freedom and Laws.

'Success to each hero who Join in this struggle,  
 And all that took part in so glorious a cause,  
 Who did face every danger and berve every trouble,  
 In order to banish those wild english laws.  
 Its for THOMPSON, and MONTGOMERY, OBRIEN, and JACK BARRY  
 With FRANKLIN and JEFFERSON, in prais let us sing.  
 And all our friends that fought in that chanal.  
 It was all for the Union Our Freedom and Laws.'

*Explanation on them Verses.*

those Verses is composed, from the history of the revolutionary war of the thirteen colonies in which there people did remain true and faithful subjects to the british crown, far about A century. But fortunately far our country, the british government thinking that her subjects in the colonies, was getting to rich. they thought it best at the close of the century, for to impose heavy taxes on them, in order to reduce them to the same poverty as her home subjects, but Our heros well knew, that it was the appressions of that government. that planted them in the wild forest of this country. they knew that there fathers had to fly from her tyranny, then into uncultivated land without money, where they were exposed to all the hardships, to which human nature is liable, and a mong those to suffer the savage crueltys of the natives found in this country, and yet actuated by principles of true English liberty. the met all those hardships with plasure when compared with those they suffered to home from the tyrant hands of



those that should have been there friend. But they did defend them selfs. Astablished a country and raised there colors, on the forth of July 1776. such been the date of that celebrated document, the Declaration of Independence of the thirteen Colonies. there first president Washington.

'Hooray' for 'BILLY SHIELDS!' - - - We have tried not a few gold pens in our time, but have never met with any which wrote so smoothly and so well, as those manufactured by MESSRS. MABIE, TODD AND COMPANY, at No. 17 Maiden-Lane. They *shed* ink freely, without rolling it off in *drops* from a greasy surface: and this is a *desideratum*. - - - The following note will interest many readers beside our old friend and correspondent Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT:

'Post-Office, New-York, August 10th, 1861.

'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.:

'MY DEAR SIR: There is in the last KNICKERBOCKER an article on Indian derivatives by Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT. I think that the learned antiquary is mistaken about one of the names given. I refer to 'Poughkeepsie,' which he derives from *Apokeepsing*. It is an English family name. A few days since I had a question of over-charge on a letter from England referred to me. The letter in question was addressed to 'JOHN POUGHKEEPSIE,' at Danbury, or some other New-England town.

'I do not write this in a spirit of criticism, but as an item of information.

'Yours truly,

R. O. MORGAN, Secretary.'

THE subjoined should have appeared in its place at the end of the letter of MACE SLOPER, Esq., in preceding pages, but it came too late for insertion in that 'locality:'

P. S.—Since that last line, FREMONT has burst upon us with the first historical *act* of this war. That proclamation of August will be in this era what LUTHER'S reply to the Pope's Bull was in the Reformation—in practical energy it rather resembles his burning of the Bull. 'Hurrah for FREMONT!' Over four volcanic years there comes echoing again that brave old cry: 'Free soil, free men, and FREMONT!' He is making the old war-cry good with warlike deeds. Hurrah for FREMONT!

I specially rejoice at the bold measures adopted by FREMONT in emancipating the slaves belonging to contumacious rebels in Missouri, and at the very general and enthusiastic indorsement of it by the whole North, Northern-Border, and West, since it is all an approval and confirmation of the policy first urged in the KNICKERBOCKER, months ago, and subsequently insisted on as the platform by which alone a reconciliation could be hoped for between jarring elements, at a time when harmony is all-essential. Now that FREMONT has indeed followed WHITTIER'S advice—

'Rise up, FREMONT, and go before!'

taking the lead bravely, will the Administration—will the great body of the American people—will all true patriots—will the *straight-forward men of common-sense* who want to cut the knot, follow FREMONT? That is the question. For my own part, though it be the last word I ever write for old KNICK, I shall not cease to cry: '*Emancipation for the sake of the white man!*' For the sake of humanity; for the North, and for the South itself, mangled and torn even as we are being torn, let the word be, EMANCIPATION! Forgetting the Negro, who has been hitherto the only object regarded as entitled to consideration—or rather giving him the second place—let us now boldly settle the trouble *by putting it out of the way!*

Reader, are you a White Feather-brain?—I beg pardon—I mean a Peace-hunter? Well, then, *be* one! But suppose we say Emancipation first, peace afterward? Depend upon it, you'll not get your peace until the great cause of the disturbance is removed. Put that plank into your platform.



'Let us alone!' sayeth Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. Yes, when we have legally freed the 'chattels' of every rebel, and paid for every honest Unionist's black property, *then* we WILL let you alone. Selah!


A WRITER in one of the daily journals, defending the *Close planting of Trees in the Central Park*, which had been assailed, remarks:

'THE Central Park, though seven or eight hundred acres in extent, is comparatively a very limited space. To secure *effect* within such limits as those of the Park, dense planting becomes a necessity. Trees and shrubs flourish best in the embraces of each other; and where early and healthful development is an especial object, the more crowded the plants, the sooner they 'nurse' each other beyond the chances of decay, and the extra cost of massing them together for that purpose, will find an ample return, not only in rapidity of growth, but in the certainty of a sufficient number from which to make judicious selections to be spared by the 'grub' or pruning-knife, on the day of 'weeding.' The remedy for excess will at all times be immediate; that for paucity and meagreness would be the work of years.'

We regard this as judicious and sensible; and 'therewithal as we read,' came to mind this exquisite stanza from the late Rev. W. B. O. PEABODY's sublime '*Hymn to Nature*:'

God of the Forest's solemn shade!  
The grandeur of the lonely tree  
That wrestles singly with the gale,  
Lifts up imploring arms to THEE:  
But more majestic far they stand,  
When side by side in ranks they form,  
To wave on high their plumes of green,  
And fight their battles with the storm!

We scarcely know any thing in modern poetry finer than these eight lines. They 'stir one like a trumpet!' - - - Ha! ha!—that is 'a good joke,' sure enough! The '*Water-Melon Story*,' sent us by a new correspondent, is one of our own boyhood's experiences, recorded in these pages some twenty years ago. It is *we* who 'remember the plugged fruit, and the consequences resulting therefrom.' Good old 'Uncle BEN's preventive-plan held great enmity with the 'inner ADAM'—medicined-water-melons being 'bad to take.' There is a wag of a gardener on Long-Island, whose is 'the effest way.' He was troubled with the depredations of thievish boys in his 'water, mush, and other milion' patches; but he utterly abated them with this terrible *affiche*, printed in large letters, and pasted upon a tree near the ground devoted to the desiderated fruit:

 'Whoever is found trespassing in this field will be *spacificated*!!'

This 'vermillion edict' was entirely successful. There was not a vagabond boy in the neighborhood who dared, after that, to run the risk of being '*spacificated*!' - - - 'I THINK,' writes a Western friend, 'that the inclosed will convince you that the school-master is abroad. It was sent to a teacher in one of the public schools in this place, directed thus:

'PRISENT TO THE TEETCHER.'

It reads as follows:

'febery the 28 1861.

'Noties thir will be a colerd Laidey preach at the culird methides chirch this evining at half pas 7 o'clock by devine premishun pleas tell the children to tel thir pairence to com  
Miss HALE.'

THE patriotism of our old friend 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' shines bright and clear; as who that knows him (even *without* knowing that he is the Military Bard of the '*Putnam Phalanx*') could for a moment doubt? But listen to his stirring appeal:

'HARK! hark! to the tread  
Of men of olden time,  
The footsteps of the mighty dead  
Still sounding on sublime.  
Our Union's strong foundations  
They planted broad and deep,  
And we, among the nations,  
Our own proud place will keep!

'CHORUS.—Join hearts! join hands!  
A wreath of glory twine,  
Of palm and mountain pine.  
Strike hands!  
The Union stands!

'Now, now is the hour  
To let foul Treason know,  
That patriot legions have the power  
To work its overthrow;  
That while the conflict rages,  
And hearts are sorely tried,  
The HAND that guides the ages  
Is lifted on our side.

'Tell, tell to your sons  
The story of your sires,  
And that the pledge forever runs  
To guard their sacred fires.  
Tell them the great AVENGER,  
Unsheathed his awful sword,  
When FREEDOM was in danger,  
And smote the rebel horde!

G. H. C.'

Pure poetical Patriotism! - - - THE following pretty little '*Child-Fact*' is mentioned in a recent letter from an esteemed 'occasional contributor,' writing us from a western city: 'When 'the PRINCE' was in B——n, last autumn, my youngest boy, then five-and-a-half years old, was first taught 'God Save the QUEEN.' He was full of it, and perpetually singing it about the house. One day, in the midst of a powerful 'God save,' he stopped, and said: 'AUNTY, you be the PRINCE, and I will call to see you.' Whereupon 'AUNTY,' drawing up in her chair, assumed the expected 'princely port.' Retiring an instant, he reëntered, bowing, cap in hand: 'Good morning, Sir; how are you, Sir? I hope you are well, Sir.' He was answered with gracious condescension, but somewhat briefly. Finding the burden of conversation thrown upon him, he was slightly at a loss; hesitated, and then gathering himself: 'Er——, er——, er——. I hope your mother will be *saved*, Sir.' The 'PRINCE' collapsed.' - - - 'HIBBLES,' in whom we recognize an old and always welcome correspondent at Portsmouth, (N. H.,) sends us a little sketch of '*Lawyer B——'s Maiden Speech*,' delivered at the bar of an adjoining county: 'It was a criminal case, and Lawyer B—— sustained the prosecution. His client, a newly-married man, was serenaded on the evening

of the wedding; and as an after-piece, the boys, full of fun, made a 'forward movement' on the hen-coop, adding the melody of the barn-yard to their already hideous strains. The Benedict could not stand this, and came down out of doors, clothed in the merest trifle of a garment, and boiling with wrath. Somebody was in command of a 'masked battery' behind the door, and on the approach of the enemy, drenched him thoroughly. The parties were discovered, and a case was brought for trespass. B——, who was evidently aiming at a 'sensation,' after a running view of the evidence, appealed to the 'twelve of his enlightened countrymen' as follows: 'Gentlemen of the Jury: when a man for the first time has been and got married, and has retired to his slumbers, and some of his neighbors come and kick up a row in his hen-pen, gentlemen of the Jury, and he goes forth to protect his rights, as a good husband had ought to do, and a bucket of cold water, gentlemen, is thrown all over him, from head to foot—then if the law don't give no remedy, *it an't no use!*' The Court found a dollar or two and costs—as a 'remedy.' - - - '*A Victim*' writes us to give warning against transmitting money in answer to the following advertisement:

'A GREAT BARGAIN. — To all who may inclose \$1, I will send, by mail post-paid, a finely-cut engraved portrait of GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Father of his Country, together with an elegant portrait of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN — either separately at four shillings. Address H. C. C., — street, Boston.'

The fellow actually sent back a three-cent and a one-cent postage-stamp, ornamented with the 'finely-cut engraved' heads! - - - 'Did the late lamented Lieut. DERBY ('JOHN PHOENIX') writes a 'down-east' friend, 'leave articles enough unpublished to make a book somewhat near the size of '*Phoenixiana*?' Will it ever be published, if there is material?' We wish it were in our power to answer both these queries in the affirmative; but we do not know. - - - DEAN SWIFT, in his amusing burlesque of handling a ship in a storm at sea, should have had our backwoods minister at his elbow, to enlighten him as to the use of the anchor. Having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, he described its use in the following lucid manner: 'An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and when a storm arises, they take it on shore and fasten it to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over!' - - - THE increase of travel on our '*Northern Rail-road of New-Jersey*,' (which was never better officered, nor carried more, or more gratified, passengers, than at this moment,) makes our enterprising and accommodating news-agent, Mr. HÆSELBARTH, somewhat uncertain as to the demand for papers: and hence sometimes, although rarely, complaints of local and travelling readers of a short supply. We commend to buyers and the seller this advertisement from an Eastern journal:

#### W A N T E D !

A MAN to sell Daily Papers, that can please every body! A person to deliver Daily Papers, so that every man may be served first and no one last! Also, a man that can tell just how many extra papers are wanted every day! To three such persons constant employment will be given. Salary, \$25,000.